The Outlook

JUNE 21, 1922

AN ADMIRAL-PREMIER WITH ANTI-MILITARISTIC POLICIES

FURTHER developments in the political situation in Japan confirm the impression made by the earlier reports that the Japanese Government is committed to both domestic and foreign policies of a progressive character.

Perhaps American readers of the newspaper despatches from Japan may, at first, receive the impression that the Japanese Government is reverting to the control of the militarists because the new Prime Minister of Japan, who succeeds Mr. Takahashi, is an Admiral and Baron. As a matter of fact, however, Admiral Baron Kato, who is now at the head of the Japanese Cabinet, is a man of liberal mind. He was a close friend of Mr. Hara, Mr. Takahashi's predecessor, who quietly brought about a great change in the Government of Japan by establishing more than one democratic precedent. As we said last week, Mr. Hara was virtually the first Japanese Prime Minister to substitute for military control of Japanese foreign policies and even domestic matters the precedent of party control. In carrying out his purpose, he sent Admiral Baron Kato to Washington as head of the Japanese delegation and assumed the naval portfolio himself; and in that he had Admiral Baron Kato's co-operation. Admiral Baron Kato, upon his return after Mr. Hara's death, resumed the naval portfolio, which (in spite of the Constitutional provision that ministries of the navy and army should be in the hands of officers of the respective services) had been held for the first time in civilian hands, first by Mr. Hara, and then by Mr. Takahashi. The fact that Admiral Baron Kato is now Prime Minister does not indicate a return toward militarism, but may, on the contrary, result in further progress toward genuine party control and more truly representative government.

The Seiyukai party, with which Admiral Baron Kato is virtually identified, faces a general election in May of next year. In order to maintain its power it recognizes that it must keep up with the developments of the democratic feeling in Japan, and must therefore promote measures of reform. The leaders of that party have watched with interest the result of Admiral Baron Kato's labors at the Washington Armament Conference and have observed the reception which he got upon his return to Japan. At first the Japanese people felt that the Japanese delegates had sacrificed too much, and public opinion showed itself in the cool reception given to Prince Tokugawa, who was the first of the Japanese delegates to return. Gradually, however, the real purpose and spirit of that Conference became known, and when Admiral Baron Kato returned he persuaded the people of Japan that the nation had not been sacrificed, but, on the contrary, had made a great gain through the spirit of conciliation and friendship which had been developed by the mutual naval sacrifices voluntarily made at Washington by the nations there represented. Though there are strong opponents of Admiral Baron Kato, he has the support, not only of his party, but of a preponderant opinion of the people. The Seiyukai party, naturally cautious with the forthcoming election in prospect, has chosen Admiral Baron Kato, not primarily because he is a naval man, but because he is a supporter of the party's programme in favor of representative government, and because of his popularity.

It is expected that the new Premier will adopt the ratification and carrying out of the Washington treaties and will cut down the expenses of the Government, particularly for military purposes.

Among those who have left the Cabinet are Nakabashi, Motoda, Yamamoto, and Noda, who are all elderly and more conservative men. Their places in the Ministries of Education, Railway Transportation, Agriculture and Commerce, and Communications, respectively, have been taken by Kamada (President of Keio University), Oki (who was Minister of Justice in the former Cabinet), Arai, and Maeda (a young radical peer).

Admiral Baron Kato, besides being Premier, is Minister of Marine (that is, of the navy); Viscount Uchida is Minister of Foreign Affairs (as he was under the Hara and Takahashi Governments); Mizuno is Minister of Home Affairs (a proved, able man, formerly vice-Governor of Korea); Ichiki (a leading Kenseikai man in the House of Peers) is Minister of Finance; Yamanashi (a general) is Minister of War; and Okano (recently President of Chuo University) is Minister of Justice.

Not all the members of this Cabinet are members of the Seiyukai, for some are non-Seiyukai men from the House of Peers; but the Cabinet has the support of the Seiyukai party, which has a large majority in the Japanese Diet. The majority of this Cabinet are members of the House of Peers, which is not a merely aristocratic body like the British House of Lords, but is in some respects more radical than the Diet. It thus happens paradoxically that a Cabinet composed chiefly of Peers represents a step in the development of the democratic spirit in Japan; that a Cabinet constituting what is virtually a coalition Government represents a step in the development of a responsible party system; and that a Cabinet under the Premiership of a member of the military class represents a step in the development of civilian control.

ADAMANT—FRENCH AND AMERICAN STYLE

A group of bankers, forming an international committee of which Mr. J. P. Morgan is a member, considered in Paris the floating of a loan to Germany. The purpose of such a loan would be to enable Germany to pay the amounts due from her in reparation of the wanton damage which she did during the war.

Under the treaty which Germany signed at Versailles, she is obliged to pay in accordance with terms arranged by the Reparations Commission. When the bankers examined the situation, they found that they were not willing to recommend a loan to Germany except on terms which would almost inevitably lead to a reduction in the amount of reparations demanded from Germany. If Germany were willing to pay the reparations demanded of her, the situation would be different; but Germany is unwilling. From the point of view of those who would like to float a loan, the alternative seems, therefore, further reduction in the demands upon Germany. The Reparations Commission were willing to give the bankers the liberty to set their own terms—that is, all the Reparations Commission were willing except the representative of France. This perhaps is human nature, as France was the chief sufferer from the war. We are all perhaps more ready than we ought to be to forgive those who trespass against—our neighbors.

France probably would be willing to release Germany from some of the damages she should pay if France in turn could be released from some of the obligations which she incurred in driving back the German bandits. Her principal debt is to Great Britain and the United States. Great Britain would be glad to release France from her debt, but she in turn owes something to the United

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States, and first wishes to be relieved herself. But the United States is adamant. Not without reason. Why should Americans forego billions of dollars because the European nations find it inconvenient to pay their notes? Didn't America do her share in the war as it was? What seems odd, however, is that Americans, while remaining adamant themselves, are criticising the French for being adamant. Those Americans who are anxious to see Germany released from paying damages for the consequences of her crimes, on the ground perhaps that she was criminally insane, ought to be willing to put their hands in their own pockets, and not expect France to do all the renouncing. As a matter of fact, both France and America have done enough renouncing on Germany's account.

TURKISH ATROCITIES

When that delightful pilgrim from England, Lady Astor, returned home, she is reported to have said, on embarking at the pier in New York, that the American Government had declined the invitation of the British Government to join in official investigation of Turkish atrocities in Asia Minor. This she regretted as an evidence of a lack of humane co-operation among the English-speaking peoples. Lady Astor's native American sense of humor is so refreshing that she will not resent, we are sure, being reminded of the trenchant saying of another native American humorist: "It is better not to know so much than to know so many things that ain't so!" For Lady Astor was wrong. The United States is going to co-operate with Great Britain, France, and Italy in the proposed investigation.

Three weeks ago we reported the invitation of Great Britain and expressed the hope that the United States would participate in the investigation, even if it could not commit itself to any forcible action to put an end to the cruelties and massacres which the Armenians are suffering from the hands of the Turks.

Secretary Hughes has now issued an official statement announcing, as the following quotation shows, that this is the course which our Government is prepared to pursue:

> The situation of the Christian minorities in Turkey has enlisted to a marked degree the sympathies of the American people and it has been noted with deep concern that the work of benevolent and educational institutions in Turkey has steadily been hampered, that the rights which American citizens have long enjoyed in Turkey in common with the nationals of other Powers have often been disregarded and the property rights and interests of Americans and other foreigners placed in jeopardy.
>
> In view of the humanitarian considerations which are involved and of the desire of this Government to have adequate information through a thorough and impartial investigation of the actual conditions prevailing in Anatolia, in order that this Government may determine its future policy in relation to the authorities concerned, the President is prepared to designate an officer or officers to take part in the proposed inquiry.
>
> In informing the British Government of the foregoing the Government of the United States has made it clear that the proposed action is limited in scope to an inquiry to obtain accurate data as to the situation in Anatolia for the information of the Governments participating therein, and has stated that this Government assumes no further obligation and enters into no commitment.

In order that the investigation may be thoroughly unpartisan the State Department has suggested that the inquiry be extended to those districts under Greek control as well as to territory dominated by the Turks.

We welcome this official decision voiced by Secretary Hughes (the first of its kind, we think, in the history of the United States) for two reasons. It will give the world the actual facts, backed by the word and authority of four great civilized Governments—France, Italy, Great Britain, and the United States; and it is another proof that the people and Government of the United States do not wish to remain aloof from a humane participation in world problems. A League of Human Help is a very different thing from a hard and fast, legislative, political, military League of Nations.

NEW THREATS OF RAILWAY STRIKES

Something like a million men are employed in those divisions of railway work which have to do with the maintenance of way and with shop work. These men have been asked by their organization committees to vote on the question of a strike after July 1, in resistance to the recent order of the Railway Labor Board for a reduction of wages in these departments. The results of the ballot have not been announced as we write. Even if the men vote in favor of a strike, it by no means follows that a strike will take place, any more than after the last threat of an extended railway strike.

This question of railway wages is part of the very large problem of the reduction of labor wages to meet the demand for lower prices of goods and lower freights. The Railway Labor Board is in this industry the expert body acting for the public and the Government to determine just such questions. Public opinion, therefore, will accept the Board's decision that such reductions as are now ordered are necessary unless a clear case of error or injustice is established.

On their part, the workers assert that the cost of living has not been reduced in any such measure as to compensate for the proposed reduction. For instance, the Executive Council of the maintenance-of-way workers says that the slash in pay for their men is a little over 13 per cent, while the workers' cost of living has not declined more than 3 per cent; but the last figure is certainly not consonant with most economic statistics. Probably, however, the real opposition to this reduction comes, first, from the general reluctance of any workers to receive less pay; secondly, to the fact that those now subject to reduction are the lowest-paid classes of railway workers, because their labor is less skilled than that of the engineers, conductors, and others. Moreover, the men concerned with the maintenance of way, and in less degree those working in the shops, are difficult to organize, because their places can be comparatively easily filled. As a matter of fact, these two unions are of comparatively recent organization. Every one will remember when, not so many years ago, the lowest-paid men used to complain that Mr. Gompers and the Federation leaders always said in effect, "If you want better pay, organize." Now they have organized; but it is an open question whether the great Brotherhoods of the more skilled employees will sustain them in their resistance.

Railway officials are reported in the press to characterize the threatened strike as pure bluff. A statement signed by several railway presidents says, "Men in the railroad service work under more favorable conditions than in outside shops and industries, and no other men doing the same class of work have better homes or surroundings." On the other hand, the leaders of the men state that the new rates proposed are totally inadequate to allow a man to live decently and support a family. The new schedule would give a maintenance-of-way man from $11.04 to $16.80 for six days' work of eight hours each; while the shop workers would receive from $25.92 to $33.60 for the same number of days and hours; in both cases the pay would vary in accordance with the nature of the work done.

WHAT DO WE KNOW OF HENRY FORD'S GREAT-GRANDSON?

When Henry Ford offered to take over the vast water power and nitrate manufacturing project at Muscle Shoals, Alabama, agreeing to produce,

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BUBBLES IN A LATE DISTURBED STREAM

(1 Henry IV, Act III, Scene 3)

Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger

READY

From Mrs. Patterson Miller, Russellville, Tenn.

Craig Fox in the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle

THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY

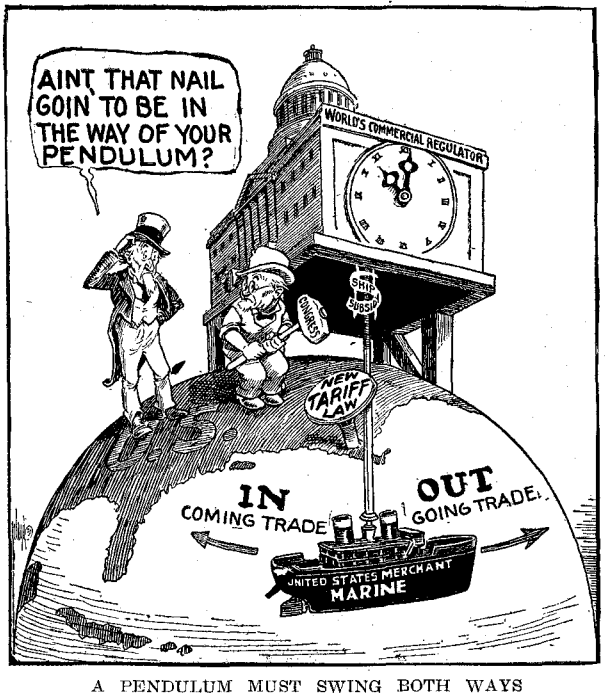
From Julius J. H. Hayn, 58 Cary St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Bushnell in the St. Petersburg Times

FABLE OF THE FOOLISH FROG THAT TRIED TO SWELL UP AS BIG AS AN OX

From H. R. Olney, Tarpon Springs, Fla.

Ireland in the Columbus Dispatch


AINT THAT NAIL GOIN TO BE IN THE WAY OF YOUR PENDULUM?
WORLD'S COMMERCIAL REGULATOR
NEW TARIFF LAW
IN COMING TRADE
OUT GOING TRADE
UNITED STATES MERCHANT MARINE

A PENDULUM MUST SWING BOTH WAYS

From Esther Marshall, Columbus, Ohio

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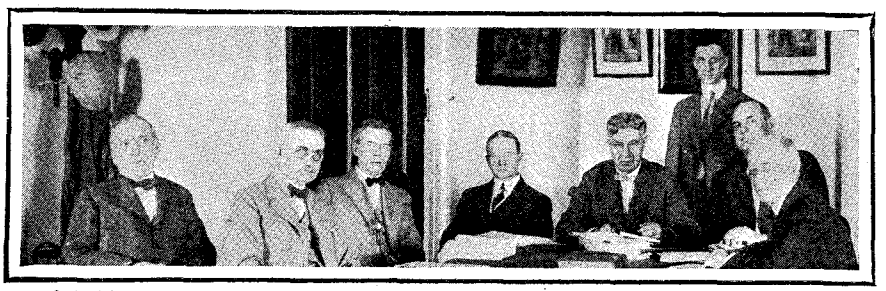

P. and A. Photos

SPECIAL COMMITTEE TO CONSIDER THE FORD MUSCLE SHOALS OFFER

Left to right: J. W. Worthington, Washington representative for Henry Ford; W. B. Mayo, Ford's chief engineer; Congressman Wright, of Georgia; Congressman Morin, of Pennsylvania; Congressman Miller, of Washington; Chief Clerk of the sessions (standing); Congressman Fisher, of Tennessee; Congressman Crago, of Pennsylvania

sell, and distribute commercial fertilizers in consideration of the acceptance of the offer by the United States Government, the farmers of the country showed unmistakably that they were overwhelmingly in favor of Mr. Ford's plan. They believe that the man who built the flivver at such a price that almost any farmer can own one, the man who built the small tractor which solved for thousands of farmers the question of power on the farm, the man who has taken over a railway and made it profitable at reduced rates, is the man to provide them with fertilizer. There is no doubt that the great majority of farmers in this country trust Henry Ford.

It is in response undoubtedly to this powerful public opinion that the Military Committee of the House of Representatives has virtually recommended to the House the adoption, in a somewhat modified form, of Mr. Ford's offer.

On the technical matters involved the public is not competent to form an opinion. Whether commercial fertilizers can be produced at Muscle Shoals under conditions that will bring about appreciable reduction to the cost of farming, whether the enormous power generated at Muscle Shoals can be used for that purpose to the best advantage or whether it should be employed in other ways, whether the price which Mr. Ford offers to pay is adequate for the property which he acquires—all these questions and others like them can be answered properly only by those who are in full possession of all the facts and are equipped with the technical knowledge to understand them. There is, however, a question which is involved in this offer that is distinctly within the competence of the public to decide.

According to Mr. Ford's offer, this enormous water power is to be handed over to Mr. Ford and his successors for a hundred years. If this is done, a grave exception will be made to the policy which after long debate has become, or is supposed to have become, the settled policy of the National Government. The Nation's resources belong to the Nation. They belong, not merely to the present generation, but to future generations. They are the heritage which we of to-day hold in trust for our children and our children's children. They are not to be tied up and kept from use, neither are they to be squandered or to be allowed to pass from the Nation's control. Water power is one of the most valuable of these resources. More and more it will do the work of the world. In its discretion, the present generation can and ought to exercise the right of leasing water power to those who can develop it and use it for the public benefit at a price which will seem fair both to the user and to the public. But the lease of such power ought not to go beyond the life of the generation that makes the lease. At the outside, the period of such leases should not exceed fifty years. Indeed, such a period allows some encroachment upon the liberty of the succeeding generation. The present generation knows and trusts Henry Ford; but what does the present generation know about Henry Ford's great-grandson? Or the great-grandsons of Henry Ford's partners? Or the great-grandsons of Henry Ford's successors? What do we of to-day know about what our great-grandsons will think of Henry Ford's great-grandsons? No one, not even Henry Ford, should have the right to determine the disposal of that vast water power for a hundred years to come.

STILL LOOKING FOR THAT IMAGINARY RABBIT

The Bonus Bill has been formally introduced in the Senate, and it has brought forth renewed assurances from the President that a Bonus Bill which does not provide for raising the funds necessary to make the payments called for does not satisfy him.

The Senate Committee which introduced the bill seems still to be hypnotized with the hope that it can draw rabbits from its hat without first providing for the insertion of the rabbits. The President is emphatically right in adhering to his opinion that imaginary rabbits will neither serve to pay political debts nor be of any value to the veterans of the war.

The Congressmen who hope to secure re-election on the basis of their present bonus efforts should bear in mind the fact that it is always more disappointing to be paid with a bogus check than not to be paid at all.

JUSTICE FOR PERIODICALS

We recently called attention to the fact that a combined effort is now being made by publishers of newspapers, magazines, and other periodicals to secure a partial reduction in the oppressive war rates involved in the present zone postage on second-class mail matter. A bill to accomplish this has now been introduced into the House by Representative Kelly, of Pennsylvania. It has been referred to the appropriate committee, and presumably will come up for action soon.

What is asked for is a simple act of justice and equity. Under the war legislation of 1917, the zone plan, as such, bore unevenly and unfairly upon periodicals which aim to disseminate information and good reading matter all over the country. The rates imposed, apart from the zone inequity, were so high as to handicap the basic idea of second-class rates. That idea always has been a recognition of the fact that there is something more than mere commerce in the issue and circulation of newspapers and magazines; that it is a function of government to help the common people everywhere to get in this way education, information, and even entertainment. An effort was made to soften the blow by dividing the total increase and raising the rates once every year for four years. The highest rate was reached some time ago and is now continuing. The proposal now is to retain the zone system, but to reduce the rates from the present highest level, which went into effect July 1, 1921, to the second advance in rates, which went into effect July 1, 1919.

In introducing this bill Congressman Kelly pointed out that the rates asked for would still give the Government 175 per cent more than the pre-war rates and would not relieve the publishing industry of one cent of the other Federal taxes paid by it in common with other industries.

The present second-class rates are no less than 325 per cent higher than they were before the war. It is stated that every other special war tax included in the War Revenue Act of 1917 has been modified or repealed. The war-time increases on second-class matter alone of that war legislation remain unchanged It is asserted on statistical proof that these increases have driven millions of pounds of second-class matter from the

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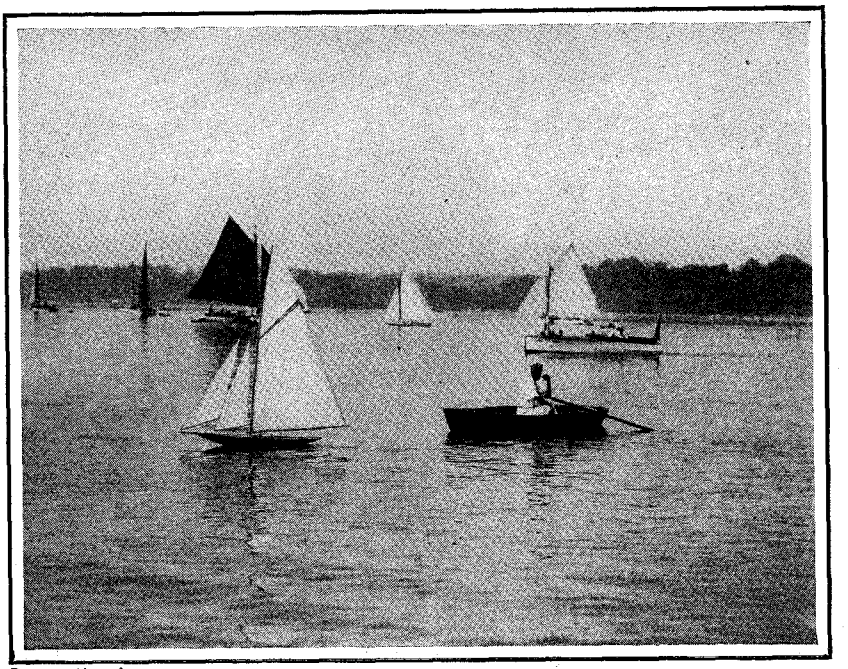
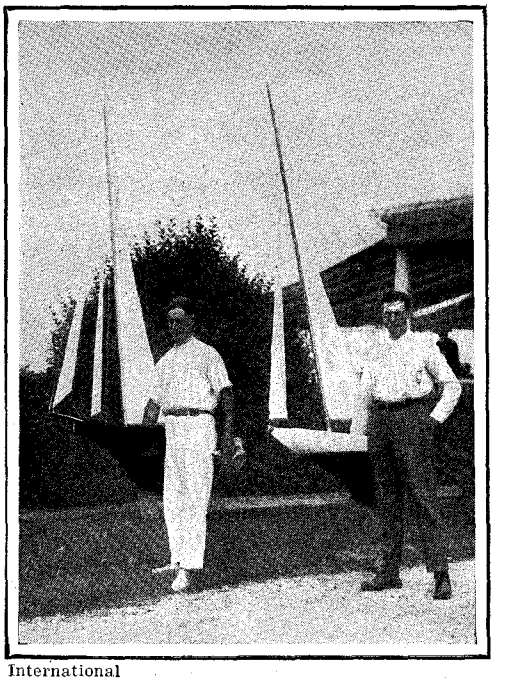


International

THE AMERICAN MODEL YACHT POLKA DOT, WITH HER DESIGNER AND OWNER, MR. E. A. BULL, FOLLOWING IN A ROWBOAT, IN THE FIRST DAY'S RACE AT BAYSIDE, LONG ISLAND



International

POLKA DOT, WITH HER DESIGNER, MR. E. A. BULL, AND ENDEAVOR, THE ENGLISH YACHT, WITH HER DESIGNER, MR. W. J. DANIELS

mail into private chanels of distribution.

The facts speak for themselves. The action proposed should have the support of the public at large, for the public is most clearly and positively an interested party.

A NEW RECORD FOR CLIMBING

A RECENT despatch from General Bruce, in command of the party that is attacking Mount Everest in the Himalayas, states that three members of the Everest expedition—Mallory, Somerville, and Norton—on May 21 reached an altitude of 26,800 feet, the highest attained on the earth's surface by man, and just 2,200 feet below the summit. English papers state that this feat was accomplished without the aid of oxygen, and the London "Times" comments, "The prospect of reaching the summit seems now much less a forlorn hope than it did." The record may be compared with the airplane altitude record, 40,500 feet.

The attack on the highest mountain on the earth's surface is to be pushed by a series of efforts, in each of which the object is to make some gain, establish a shelter, leave stores, and reconnoiter the remaining ground. The plan has a likeness to the attempts to reach the North Pole; successive parties will be pushed on, and, sooner or later, it is hoped that a chance for the final dash may open. The chief obstacle has been regarded as the difficulty of breathing; experts have said that oxygen (carried, of course, in small portable tanks) should be used above 22,000 feet; yet the three men named seem to have gone without it up to 26,800. It has been thought probable that the last dash might well be made by one man strong enough to carry three or four bottles of oxygen, enough to last him for perhaps 1,000 feet and back to a camp advanced that distance from the top.

The utilitarian may ask what thing of value will be attained by the conquest of Mount Everest. The answer is that there is something in the spirit of man that urges him to attain the all but unattainable, and that it is this, more than personal gain and ambition or specific immediate results, that animates discoverers, pioneers, and inventors.

COME ONE, COME ALL

TWO years ago, when Resolute and Shamrock IV retired to a safe anchorage in the face of a twenty-five-mile breeze, sarcastic seamen suggested hat the next Anglo-American yacht races sshould be sailed with toy boats on the lake in Central Park. These critics of our modern racing machines were more prophetic than they knew. An Anglo-American race has just been sailed between model yachts, though the contestants chose Long Island Sound for their regatta rather than the safer seclusion of metropolitan waterways.

Apparently English model yachtsmen are to have no better fortune on this side of the water than those who have sought to carry America's cup back to the British Isles. The British champion Endeavor was defeated by the American defender Polka Dot in three straight races.

These model yachts are by no means the toys which they may appear to some to be. They are constructed with amazing skill and with all the minute regard for details of displacement, wetted surface, and sail area which animates the minds of designers of practicable vessels. Victory depends both upon their design and the skill with which they are handled. The miniature yachts must in their contest obey all the rules of the road which govern their larger sisters of the sea.

In several cities and towns there are enthusiastic clubs o. model yachtsmen, the members of which build their yachts entire or buy the material for them in various degrees of completeness. The sport is an entrancing one and richly deserves a greater popularity and a further development.

GUARD THE ENTRANCE, BUT LEAVE THE EXIT OPEN

LAST week we printed special correspondence from Washington by Newton Fuessle describing the revolt of responsible officials, with high standards of executive efficiency, against the system which keeps inefficient employees of the Government in place and interferes with the work of efficient employees. It is not merely the spoilsman who finds fault with the present operations of the Civil Service. Of course a party manager who wants to get places for party workers objects very strongly to any regulations which keep those

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places filled with people who have done no party service. His objections to Civil Service regulations may be properly ignored. Indeed, as Theodore Roosevelt said in his autobiography, "Patronage does not really help a party. It helps the bosses to get control of the machinery of the party, . . . but it does not help the party." The public service is not maintained for the sake of rewarding party workers. Cleveland's famous saying that public office is a public trust has become a doctrine too widely accepted for the spoilsman to nullify. The spoilsman can have no hope of weakening the widespread belief in that truth. What constitutes the evil against which high-minded officials protest is that the subordinate places are so hedged about with restrictions that not only is it impossible to get party hacks into them but it is equally impossible to get indifferent workers out of them. And what is even a worse evil, it is impossible to transfer work from overworked clerks to clerks that are idle.

The defect of the Civil Service system, devised for the public good, is thus twofold, and the remedy must be twofold. In the first place, provision should be made by law which will enable temporary transfers of subordinates from one department, or bureau, or office to another, so that when a special rush of work comes in one place it may be met by supplying from elsewhere some kind of reserve. In the second place, while maintaining all the safeguards necessary to secure a competent worker for every position, the law should give the greatest freedom to those in authority to dismiss from any place a worker whose work for any reason is, to that responsible official, unsatisfactory. There is no reason why public office should be a place of refuge for the inefficient or the indolent. There is no reason why the subordinate in a public position should be permitted to remain in office if incapable of co-operating with those in authority. Rules concerning the appointment to office may be too rigid. In some cases the mechanical requirement that the person who stands highest in passing an examination should be appointed works badly. The appointing power should have some choice among those who have proved themselves eligible. The important thing, however, is that the official responsible for the conduct of his department or bureau should, after giving in writing the reasons for his action, be free to discharge those who he has reason to believe are incompetent or shirk their work. The abuses that may arise under the exercise of such liberty are not as great as the abuses that have grown up under a hard and fast system that keeps laggard or incompetent workers in places where they are supposed to serve the public. At present, it is frequently necessary to prove against a subordinate misconduct amounting to a misdemeanor in order to secure removal. No private organization could carry on its business on a basis like that. A Government clerk ought to have some other qualifications for remaining in office than merely innocence of crime. There should be a new reform in the Civil Service—a reform in the direction of competent and economic work. The public not only has the right to make sure by law that its servants are not employed for political purposes, but it also has the right to make sure that its servants really serve.

WHY THE PRESIDENT IS WATCHED

UPON every President bears the pressure of party factions. The factions do not need to be in open warfare. They do not even need to realize their own existence to make this pressure a fact. When the President is a dominating personality, his power of selection may be greater than the pressure of the various groups surrounding him. When a President is a team-worker, a man who subordinates his own personality to the power of his Administration as a whole, the question of factional influence becomes of increasing interest to the country at large.

In the long run, it is upon team-workers that the Nation must depend for carrying on its Government. It is therefore no disparagement of this type of mind to say that the country should concern itself with the influence of the men who surround the team-worker in public office.

The Taft Administration was wrecked because of the fact that the Old Guard gained the upper hand in the struggle for personal contact with the President. Signs are not wanting that this same struggle is under way for the ear of President Harding. The warring elements are present in his own Cabinet; on the one side represented by such men as Hoover, Hughes, and Mellon; on the other side by such men as Daugherty and Fall. The recent Republican primaries—in Indiana, Pennsylvania, and Iowa—are indication enough as to the direction to which the country hopes the President will turn. If it were not for the record of 1912 and 1916, we should say that the warning was clear enough for even an Old Guard politician to understand; but there are some who never learn.

THE BAD OLD DAYS

THE pessimists who forever lament the good old days rarely stop to make comparisons. Was civic virtue, for instance, finer or civic corruption less offensive in New York City a third of a century ago than it is to-day? A vivid reminder of just what kind of people were governing the metropolis in 1890 cropped up the other day in an article about Mr. E. L. Godkin's journalistic fight against Tammany. Tweed and his gang were gone; Croker was Boss. (Mr. Godkin, if he were living to-day, would lift eyebrows at some of the eulogies of Croker's honesty that followed his death.) There was talk of a New Tammany, to be clean and virtuous. Hugh Grant was Mayor, and "Harper's Weekly," which had helped drive Tweed to jail, called Grant remarkable for personal honesty and trustworthiness. But Godkin didn't believe in a virtuous Tammany. He wrote: "The society is simply an organization of clever adventurers, most of them in some degree criminal, for the control of the ignorant and vicious vote of the city is an attack upon the property of the taxpayers." A sweeping indictment, this!

To prove his accusation Godkin published nine newspaper columns of biography about Tammany leaders; here is his statistical summary of its executive committee:

> Professional politicians, 27; convicted murderer, 1; acquitted of murder, 1; convicted of felonious assault, 1; professional gamblers, 4; former dive-keepers, 5; liquor dealers, 4; former liquor dealers, 5; sons of liquor dealers,3; former pugilists, 3; former toughs, 4; members of Tweed gang. 6; office-holders, 17.

Of the Tammany Committee on Organization (which numbered 1,070) Godkin asserted that 161 were rum-sellers, 133 were criminal rum-sellers (that is, they kept open on Sunday and after hours), and 235 were without occupation or not listed in the city directory—and Godkin pointed out that professional gamblers were usually without assigned occupation.

One would expect that dire penalties would have followed such an onslaught, for names were freely given, but while libel suits were brought they were not pressed. The uproar was great, the result was nil. Godkin, says Mr. Allan Nevins, who wrote the article from which we quote, compared the inquiry with the introduction of a ferret into a cellar. You knew the rats were there, but until the ferret appeared you did not know where. "When they become aware of his presence, out they scuttle, from the coal hole, the ash-barrel, the

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garbage can, the woodpile, brown and black, big and little, squealing and showing their teeth." The three things a Tammany leader most dreaded, Godkin said, were, in the order of their repulsiveness—biography, honest industry, and the penitentiary.

We are not particularly proud of our Tammany-governed New York of to-day, but when we look back to 1890 and remember that reformers enough couldn't be rallied that year to defeat the Tammany thus depicted we may admit that the bad new times are at least better than the bad old times.

RUSSIA AT GENOA

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM EUROPE

BY ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

BOLSHEVISM is the negation of civilization.

In order to put the Bolshevist system into practice, its promoters (who have all the arms though they represent less than one per cent of the actual Russian population of about 130,000,000 now that Finland, Poland, and the Baltic States have been lopped off) have massacred the Imperial family and some two million nobles and *bourgeois* and have confiscated their estates and belongings. The Bolsheviks have also looted the Russian Church. In place of the old courts of law they have instituted their secret Tchéka, a reign of terror. They have suppressed liberty of assembly, of elections, of the press. They have checked industry and transportation. They have oppressed the farmers and peasants by forced requisitions of crops until these people have been sowing the least amount of grain possible and are hiding the results of their harvests. Instead of being an economic self-sufficiency and furnishing much of Europe with grain besides, Russia is now suffering from famine and her people are perishing by the million. Those remaining have lost their power of resistance through starvation and misery.

So much for Russia. But there is something in the Bolshevist system for other countries also to be taken into consideration. The Bolsheviki have used their resources, not only for massacre, for theft, for oppression at home; they have also used their resources for propaganda abroad. In America, for instance, there are, according to Mr. Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, a thousand Bolshevist propagandists, whose aim is to destroy the Federation and put a Red dictatorship in its place. These propagandists are also openly opposed to all our social and political institutions.

In other countries we see something of the same thing. But emphatically in Germany and in Turkey we note an amazing success for the Bolsheviks. They have concluded alliances with the Berlin and Angora Governments. Hence the world is now threatened with a Germano-Turco-Bolshevist *bloc*, a menacing mass bringing doom to civilization. The *bloc* has already begun to move against French interests in Syria and English interests in Mesopotamia, with the inevitable repercussions along these two lines in Egypt and India. The *bloc* represents more than 200,000,000 inhabitants to the east of the Rhine. With Germany at its head, as the intellectual and the directing element, it is the most colossal anarchic instrument of domination which has ever threatened the world.

A cartoonist of the Italian humorous journal "Satyricon" made this portrait of Lloyd George as he appeared at the Genoa Conference.

"IN the first place, Lloyd George is a stockier, sturdier, more closely knit person than I had supposed. My idea of him had of course been influenced by the caricatures in the illustrated press, where his hair is always too long and curly, his mustache too stubby, his eyes too watery, and his expression too all-things-to-all-men. As I spoke with him, I saw no very long, flowing locks, no bristling mustache, and eyes, not watery, but clear, sharp, shrewd eyes, looking at me with what you might call 'pondered assurance,' and 'eating me up,' as we used to say at school."

This pen portrait of Lloyd George is taken from an interview with the British Premier by Elbert F. Baldwin, editorial correspondent of The Outlook. The interview will be published in next week's issue of The Outlook.

What have been the resources of the Bolshevist Government?

(1) The reserve of the Russian Imperial Bank.

(2) The treasury of the Russian Church.

(3) The gold reserve of the Bank of Rumania, together with the securities and jewels which had been sent to Russia before the Revolution there for safer keeping.

(4) The properties stolen from private persons and companies in Russia.

(5) The taxes and requisitions imposed on the people.

(6) The trillions of paper rubles put forth. This industry seems to have been the only really Bolshevist industry since the Revolution.

From all the foregoing the Bolshevist Government has had, I estimate, some 4,000,000,000 gold francs, or about $800,000,000.

At first we were told that Bolshevism could last but a few months in Russia. It has lasted five years. But now the Bolsheviks are at the end of their tether.

Hence they stretch forth their bloody hands in invitation to the hated capitalists to return to Russia.

But, no matter what the Bolsheviks pretend, the Russians have really nothing to sell abroad. So, in order to keep going, the Bolsheviks must have a loan. What impudence! They are asking it from nations to which Russia owes money.

Before the war France, Russia's principal creditor, lent to the Imperial Government, to the municipalities, and to various Russian railway, banking, mining, and industrial companies about 19,000,000,000 gold francs. During the war and before the Revolution France lent to Russia a much smaller but still goodly sum.

In the period before the war and during the all too short period of the Provisional Republican Government, Russia was fairly prosperous. But now the Bolsheviks have destroyed all her riches.

They have even used up all Russian credit. This little group of crazy and criminal men have ruined Russia.

Bolshevism was born of the lowest Jew and Slav temperaments. (The Jewish part of this combination has not the slightest thing in common with the character of the excellent Hebrew citizens of America and other countries.) The solution of any questions is thus all the

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more difficult when outsiders have to do with such a combination.

Here at Genoa the Bolshevik delegation sought to "save face" against their return to Moscow.

They wanted two things: (1) To return with their hands full of money, borrowed from the capitalist states represented here; but (2) to return with their voices still loudly proclaiming the triumph of Bolshevist "principles."

The other day the blunt Krassin, the chief "business man" among the Bolsheviks here, as Tchitcherin is the chief diplomat, said to some of us: "Why are we Russians here? The answer may be expressed in three words: *We want money.* Let me repeat. We want money. We want money, first, last, and all the time."

Of course no civilized government could ask its taxpayers to consent to a loan to these bankrupt revolutionaries, especially as Russia has already "bled" some millions of French, Belgian, British, and Italian citizens in getting money from them. Mr. Lloyd George told us that in no case could the Governments of Europe consent to such credits, both because of the lack of character of the borrowers and because of the already outrageously overtaxed contributors.

Then the Bolshevist delegation thought to obtain a loan through the medium of the banks of various countries. The borrowers had the sublime assurance to ask for a billion-dollar loan. In exchange they offered to recognize the pre-war debts, but they would not recognize the entire right of the foreigners who had been engaged in manufacturing and mining in Russia to their former properties. In my opinion, the banks would throw a billion dollars out of the window rather than lend that amount without something better in return.

What, then, were the guaranties which the Conference of Genoa asked in return for anything it might do to help the economic reconstruction of Russia? Of course for such a reconstruction there must be not only recognition of previous debts, but also of the entire right of private property. The Bolshevist delegation declared, however, that it could not accept the latter condition in its entirety, because it would subvert the sovereignty of the Soviet Republic. Yet in the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk (1918) with Germany we read that the expropriated properties of German citizens shall be restored. Why do the Bolsheviks refuse in 1922 that which they accorded in 1918? Germany evidently began to be "the most favored nation" four years before the Russo-German treaty of 1922.

Russia needs Europe very much more than Europe needs Russia—indeed, Europe could get on perfectly well without any Russia at all. Russia needs capital now, and a lot of it. Europe could give it, not in loans, as the Bolsheviks have requested, but by means of a commercial international consortium, or the extension by the Powers, acting together, to Russia of their system of credits, aiding the Russian industrial organizations. In this way a large amount of credit would turn towards Russia. Of course the immediate profits from the working of the consortium would be but a fraction of the huge sum demanded by the Bolshevist delegation.

To meet that delegation's pretensions it is not the proper course to make conciliatory propositions only. To blaze the trail towards the economic restoration of Europe there is only one course—an intimate co-operation, if not an alliance, among the nations of Europe who won the war. It is absolutely essential to save the Entente as an aggressive force. Then, and then only, shall we see Russia and Germany resign themselves to a final comprehension that, after all, their veritable interests do not lie in resistance.

The stoutest member of the Entente turns out to be one of the smallest—Belgium. In 1914 this brave little nation categorically refused to compromise with crime, and now again she has refused to sign the Allied memorandum to Russia which would have legitimatized a little—or a good deal—the Bolshevist thefts. M. Jaspar, Belgian Foreign Minister and chief of the Belgian delegation in the Premier's absence, said in my hearing: "Respect for acquired rights is essential to the development of international relations. It is a principle of justice and order without which no spirit of confidence can be established. And on a spirit of confidence the resurrection of Europe depends." So M. Jaspar's resolution before the Conference proclaimed that all the Powers represented here should engage to hold as naught every concession of property of which the former owners had been dispossessed without their consent. The English proposal was to the effect that the Russian Government should restore the foreign properties or indemnify for damages. Alone among all the states represented here Belgium protested. Finally she obtained this addition: "Restore foreign properties or, *in default*, indemnify." It is instructive now to note that the Bolshevists are declaring themselves disposed to restore ninety per cent of the confiscated properties.

Once the right of private property is recognized, the right of entire individual liberty will follow. Then will come political emancipation. That is what the Conference of Genoa tried to do for the Russian people.

The effort of the promoters of this Conference has been directed towards the conclusion of a general agreement with the Bolshevists, in which agreement should be stated the conditions under which the countries of Europe would take part in the endeavor to reconstruct Russia.

Through a memorandum presented to them, the Bolshevists knew just what these conditions would be. When the Russian reply came, its tone surprised only those who did not realize that, accustomed as they are to Oriental ways, the Bolsheviks were proceeding on the theory that the foreign nations asked a great deal more than they expected to receive. Hence the Bolsheviks thought that they could keep up a continual bargaining. The reply was a bitter, costly, but practical lesson to the Conference concerning the danger of trying to treat with the Bolsheviks at all.

Really, the Bolshevist delegation did want to come to some arrangement with Europe. MM. Tchitcherin, Krassin, Litvinov, and the rest did not want to go back to Moscow only to have their heads cut off. On the other hand, they did not want to accept the very reasonable conditions offered to them by the Conference because they feared the revenge of the same extremists who would be apt to cut off their heads in the other case. Should they accept the conditions, their Government would lose some of its power. Will they sacrifice to a continuance of all that power the reconstruction of their country?

Russian-American relations did not enter into this Conference. There are no legal obstacles to American trade with Russia. There are plenty of others, however, and they are due, as our Government says, to the domination of certain elements in the Bolshevist Government. Of course no credit can be given to Russia until a base for it has been created—a credit is a consequence, and not a condition. The creation of credits must take place in Russia itself. In the same way political recognition can never take place until a healthy, moral, solid base for international relations shall have been established. This depends on the existence of a government capable of honoring its international obligations and having given proof of the same. It goes without saying that the Bolshevist Government will also have to give proof for a considerable period of time of the re-establishment of freedom and order in Russia before the American Government will dream of recognizing it.

Pessimists here will tell you that so far for Russia the only great and positive results of the visit of the Bolshevist delegation to Italy have been (1) the signing at Rapallo of the Russo-German treaty, concluded at Berlin, and (2) the concord between Russia and the Holy See. If this be so, Russia certainly has gained two immense forces—the technical organization of the Germans and the favor of the Roman Catholic Church. The aim of that Church—the union of Christianity—is noble. But the Bolshevist aim in concluding a concord with her is ignoble. The Bolshevist aim is to fight the Russian Orthodox Church, today the only guardian of the traditions of the past; she is indeed a souvenir of "Holy Russia." To fight her the Bolsheviks must bring in one or more other religions. The Bolsheviks must break up the one great faith which has spread all over Russia among as many faiths as possible. They want to do this so as to dominate the Russians more easily, to

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divide them into cliques and groups and so to control them entirely. Their ultimate aim is by no means to Christianize, but to dechristianize Russia.

The other day one of their tribunals summoned the Russian Orthodox Patriarch Tikhon before it. The President of the Tribunal asked:

"Who are under your authority?"

To which Monsignor Tikhon replied: "The faithful of all Russia."

Question. "Do you administer all the churches?"

Reply. "Naturally, all the churches are under my authority."

Question. "And the treasuries of the churches also?"

Reply. "Yes, I also control the treasuries of the churches."

Question. "Do you not know that the pretended treasuries of the Church now constitute the property of the State?"

Reply. "Yes."

Question. "You administer, then, a property which does not belong to you?"

Reply. "That signifies nothing. The Pope of Rome, you will say, also reigns over an empire which has no material existence. On the other hand, the property of the Church is material; it can be stolen."

Question. "Who has stolen anything from you?"

Reply. "It is not from me that one has stolen; it is from the Church, it is from God."

Question. "Who has stolen?"

Reply. "You well know; the Soviet Government."

KNOLL PAPERS

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

TO A MOTHER

YOU have asked me to give you some suggestions which may help you in teaching your child the Bible. This letter is written in reply to that request.

The Bible is not a book, it is a library. It is composed of sixty-six different books, written by at least forty or fifty different writers. Over a thousand years elapsed between the writing of the first and the last of these books. They were gathered together by a process of natural selection out of a considerably larger number. The Church did not gather them, though it put its approval on the gathering which usage had made. This library contains a great variety of literature: legend, myth, folk-lore, fiction, drama, epic poetry, lyric poetry, practical ethics, oratory—written and spoken, essays, biography, letters, dream literature. Let me put this composite character of the Bible before you a little more clearly, in the main following an admirable statement given seven years ago to an audience in the Bedford Branch of the Brooklyn Y. M. C. A. by Dr. S. Parkes Cadman.

Genesis is a book of prehistoric beginnings, stories of the old world rewritten by an unknown prophet; Exodus narrates the birth of a nation; Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy give its laws, ecclesiastical and civil; Joshua and Judges, its colonial history; Samuel, Kings, Chronicles, Ezra, and Nehemiah, its later history down to the time of the return of Israel from the Exile; Ruth is an exquisite love story of primitive life; Esther, a historical romance of the Exile; Job, an "Epic of the Inner Life;" the Psalms, a book of religious lyrics analogous to our church hymn-books; Proverbs and Ecclesiastes are prudential and ethical counsels gathered from experience and observation; the Song of Songs is a love drama in which the supremacy of love over ambition reaches its splendidly simple conclusion, "Love is strong as death;" the Prophets are writings preserved to us from counsels given to kings and to people by teachers who were both statesmen and preachers; the Gospels are four biographical reminiscences of the life and teachings of Jesus; Acts is a record of the early life of the Church; the Epistles are letters of counsel to the various churches adapted to their several needs; and, finally, Revelation is a piece of dream literature in its gorgeous imagery unsurpassed by that of either Milton or Dante.

There are two peculiarities about this collection which the reader is likely to overlook, but which are striking if he realizes that it is a national library and that the authors were men of different temperaments and training, wrote in at least two different languages, and in different epochs and without any conscious unity of purpose. It contains no science or art and very little that can properly be called philosophy; and it is all of it religious literature—that is, it is all written by authors who were interested in men's moral relation to each other and in their spiritual relation to God. It is this extraordinary spiritual unity which makes the library appear like a book. All its various books were written by men who believed in God, or at least in the divine life, and wrote to tell their readers their religious experience. It is not an infallible book *about* religion; it is a library *of* religion—that is, of religious experience. Indeed, a really infallible book is inconceivable, for the simple reason that language is not an infallible method of communicating ideas.

In introducing your child to the study of this library recognize frankly that it contains different types of literature. Recognize the difference between fact and truth, and do not forget that fiction is sometimes a better means than fact of communicating truth. If you should read in Greek literature a story of a garden with a talking serpent, a tree of life the fruit of which if eaten would give to the eater the knowledge of good and evil, and a god walking in the garden in the cool of the day, you would not think it history, but fable or parable. Why should you think it to be history because you find it in Hebrew literature? If you read Jotham's parable in the Ninth Chapter of Judges beginning with the statement that "the trees went forth on a time to anoint a king over them," you do not imagine that any such general town-meeting took place in the forest. Why the theological scholars have interpreted the Third Chapter of Genesis as history and the Ninth Chapter of Judges as parable, it is not easy for me, at least, to understand. On the face of it the story of Jonah is a satire on Jewish narrowness and the meaning of it is made clear by the conclusion to which it leads: "Then said the Lord, . . . should I not spare Nineveh, that great city, wherein are more than sixscore thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand; and also much cattle?" But we have forgotten the meaning of the satire while we have turned aside to discuss the question whether there is any fish big enough to swallow a man whole and if he were swallowed how he could compose a psalm in the big fish's belly.

I have made but a beginning in writing an article when I should like to write a book. The object of this article is to persuade the mother who is planning to teach her child the Bible to realize herself that it is a library, not a book, that it contains all types of literature which can be made vehicles for moral instruction, that she must not fear to recognize the difference between fact and fiction, that to do this is not skepticism but common sense, that in teaching a child the Bible it is well to begin with Bible stories and not always draw from them a moral, that she must never discourage her child from asking questions and never evade or conceal her convictions in her answers, that she must be true to herself and never forget that for her child to be skeptical about the Bible would do him no such injury as for him to learn to distrust his mother.

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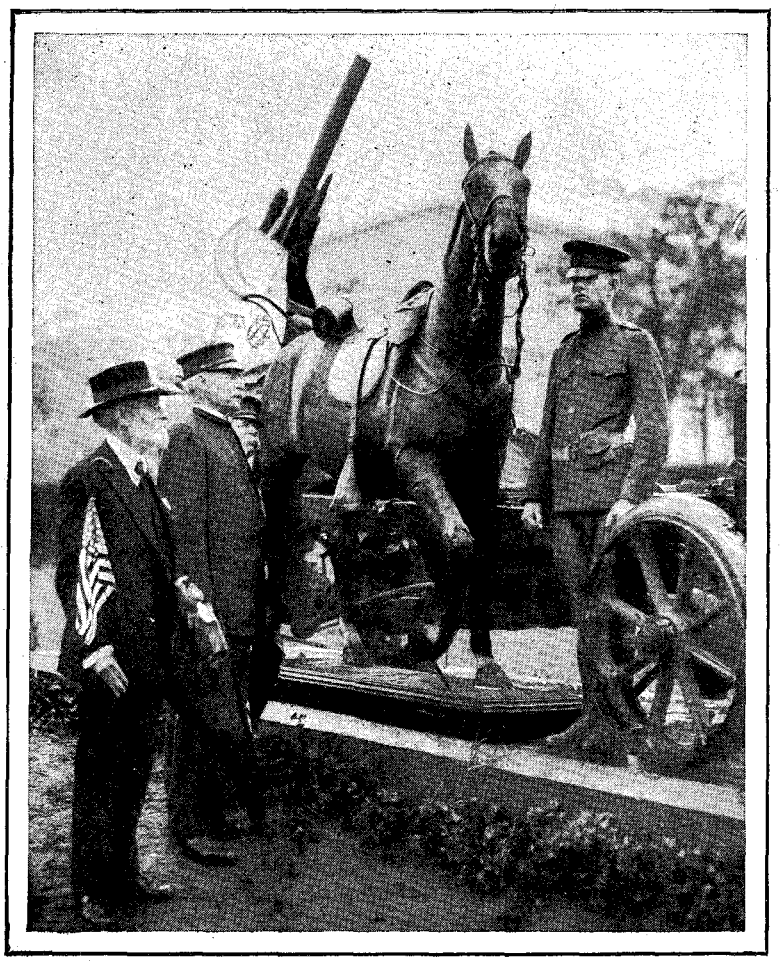
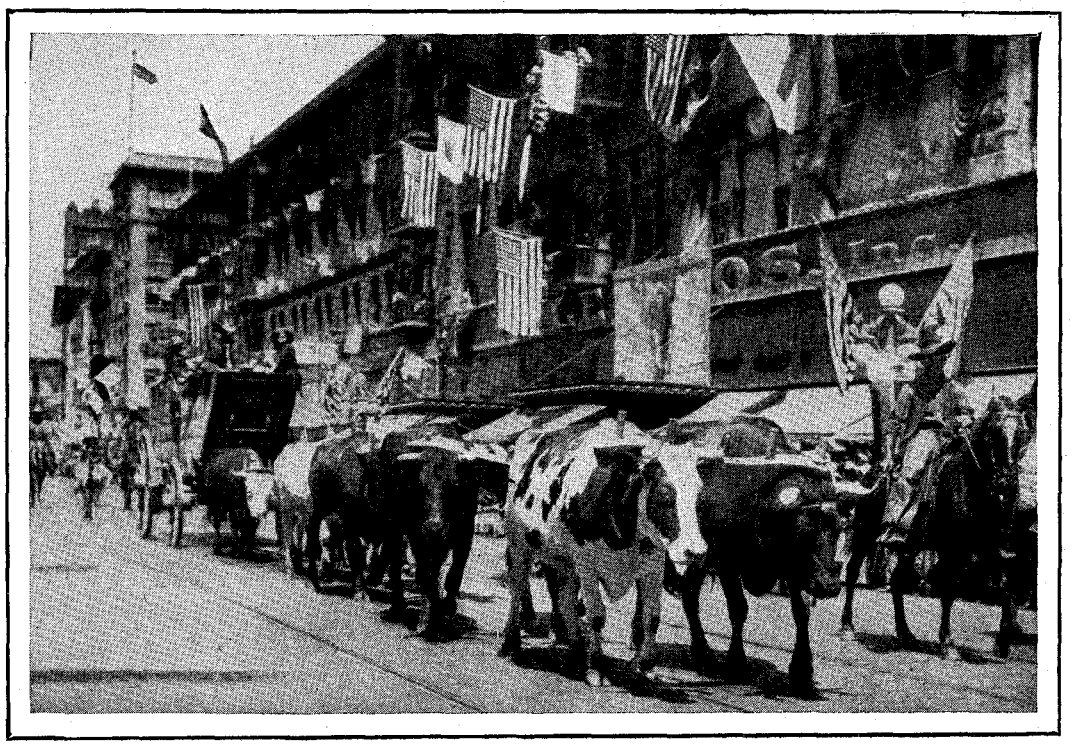
STEEDS OF THE



International.

GENERAL SHERIDAN'S FAMOUS HORSE "WINCHESTER"

Winchester, the famous horse that General Sheridan rode in the Civil War, was, after his death, mounted, saddled and equipped as he was ridden by General Sheridan on the day when horse and rider co-operated to save the Union troops in the famous ride from Winchester to Cedar Creek, Virginia. Now the old horse is to be moved from Governor's Island, in New York Harbor, where he has been for several years, to the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, to take his place there among historic relics of first importance. At the ceremony held on the island on June 3, old Grand Army men, some of whom had seen General Sheridan and his horse on the historic day in 1864, gathered to bid a last farewell to their comrade of old days



International

A FEATURE OF THE '49 CELEBRATION PARADE AT SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA

An emigrant freight wagon drawn by ten oxen was one of the most picturesque sights in the revival of the scenes of California's early history which took place recently

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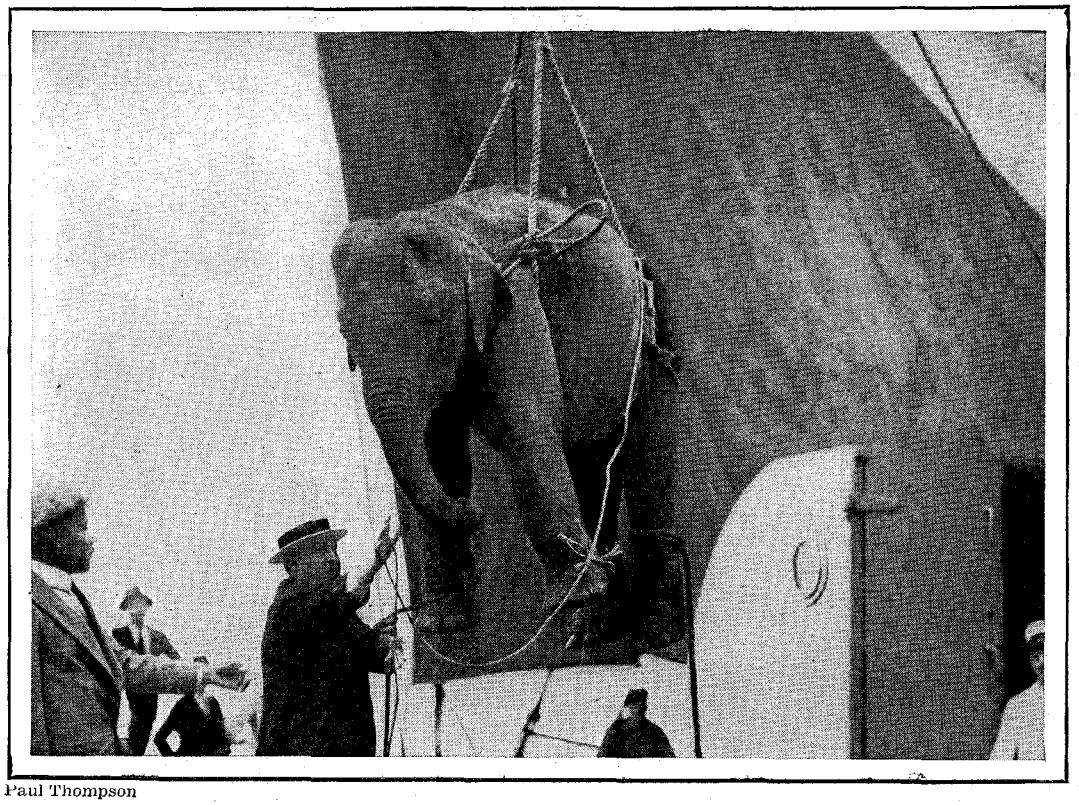
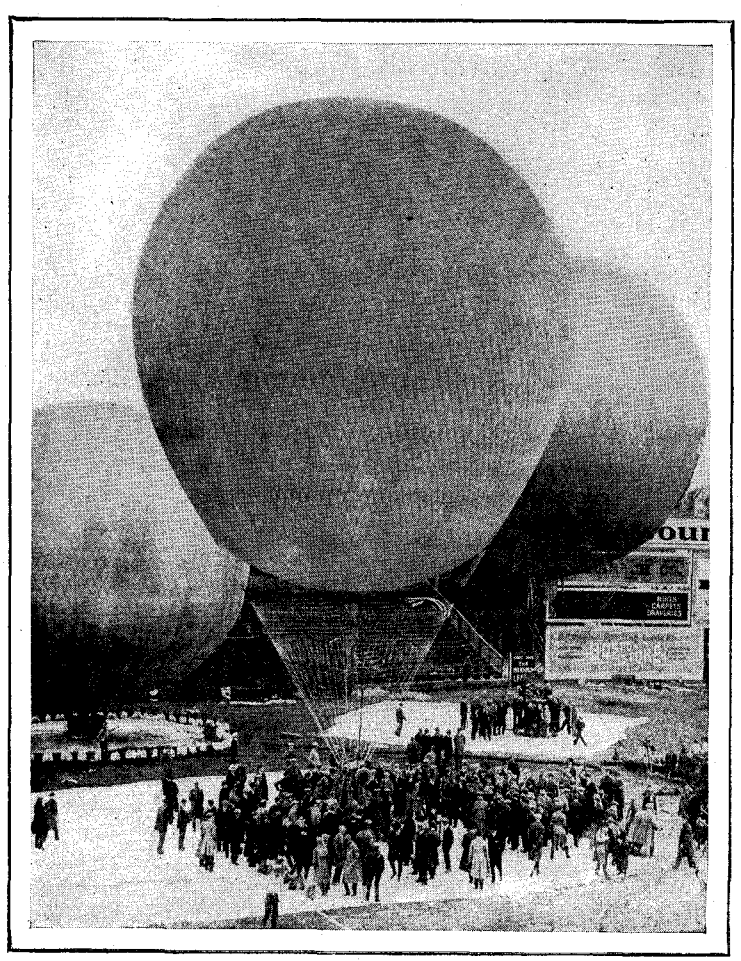
EARTH AND AIR



Paul Thompson

LANDING AN ELEPHANT FROM A BIG STEAMER IN NEW YORK CITY

Thirteen baby elephants, one of which is shown above as an unresisting victim of the necessities of modern transportation, were recently brought to New York for Coney Island's circus. The master of ceremonies seems to be more disturbed over the situation that is pictured here than the elephant itself



Wide World Photos

STILL FOLLOWING IN THE AIR-STEPS OF MONTGOLFIER

The National Balloon Race, which started at Milwaukee May 31, was planned to select the United States entries in the International Balloon Race in France this fall. The photograph shows the smallest of the balloons just as it was getting under way, with Ralph H. Upson, one of the world's leading balloonist pilots, in charge

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THESE "MODERN SCHOOLS"

BY HUBERT V. CORYELL

WHAT is a "modern school"? Is it a play school? A freak school? A fad? Is it an institution for the sugar-coating of education? Does it play havoc with all the established principles of education? Does it totally abandon the theory that a child's mind needs the discipline of hard work on disagreeable tasks? Does it develop habits of helter-skelter thinking and impulsive, unordered acting? Does it teach children to believe that they have the right to follow the dictates of their own wills, regardless of the rights of others? Are there a hundred other faults to be laid at its door?

One might almost think so, to hear the anathemas hurled at it by its critics.

Or, on the other hand, is the "modern school" a sort of heaven-sent "last word" in education? Have its "projects" and its "self-expression" methods created utopian education for the young people who are fortunate enough to get into such a school?

One might almost think so, to listen to the pæans of praise sung to it by its advocates.

Where, then, lies the truth?

Not very long ago I was recommending a school of my home city to a friend of mine.

"That's one of those freak schools, isn't it?" he asked. "The children never do any work unless they feel like it. Teachers aren't supposed to correct or punish them for fear of repressing them, and all that sort of thing."

I spent half an hour trying to give him a different idea of that little school. But it was a half-hour wasted. In the end he sent his children to the public school, not because it was nearer to him, not because he could not afford tuition fees, and not because he wanted to be democratic, but because he felt safer in sending his children to a school of the good, solid, substantial type familiar to all of us. And he still looks upon the school that I recommended as a "freak school" where the children "play all the time."

This is an unfortunate misconception of the modern progressive type of school that is all too common among people whose intellectual attainments ought to make them more searching in their examination of things that have such vital potentialities in the lives of our young people. Because enthusiasts bubble over with their delight in the wonderful new kind of education that they have come to know about, calmer people put on an armor of skepticism. Then when the enthusiasts speak of the outstanding features that please them the skeptics take it for granted that the enthusiasts have told the whole story—which they never have done.

"Oh," cries the enthusiast, "you should see the delightful way in which they teach arithmetic—all by games, you know. My little girl is simply thrilled! How much better than the old way, sitting at our desks endlessly working at those meaningless sums!"

The skeptical listener, very properly convinced in his own mind that no real understanding of arithmetic can be gained without some pretty steady, concentrated drill, is greatly shocked at this attempt to sugar-coat arithmetic. He doesn't realize that the enthusiastic mother has told only one part of the story. He doesn't know that the arithmetic games which have so thrilled the little child all involve, first, a very clear, concrete explanation of the process that is being taught, and, second, an endless amount of real figuring during the course of the game. All this, indeed, seems purely incidental, perhaps, to the little child, who recounts to her mother only the delights of the game. But explanation and drill on the fundamental process are there all the same. Moreover, ten to one the next arithmetic period will be devoted to a more formal type of lesson, in which the teacher will check up results and make sure that nothing vital has been skipped. The mother will never hear of this lesson, because it carries with it no thrill to the pupil comparable to the thrill of the game lesson. So the mother proclaims broadcast, in good faith, that her little daughter goes to a school where arithmetic and all the other dry things are made pure delight by the playing of games. And her conservative hearers smile knowingly and conclude that such a "play school" can't be any good.

If you are interested in
BOYS AND GIRLS
watch out for
C. K. TAYLOR'S
forthcoming articles
"THE GIRL AND HER MUSCLE"
and
"CHARACTER TYPES OF CHILDREN"

Nor is this the whole story. The type of lesson just described, which may be very common with little children, is altered decidedly as the children grow older and more mature. The game aspect of the thing is no longer altogether pleasing to the pupils. They know that they are at school to learn, and they insist that the teacher hand things out to them in clean-cut, man-to-man fashion. To be sure, a game now and then is pleasant, especially in drill work, where it can be made competitive and rouse keen enthusiasm. But, paradoxical as it may seem, the older pupils of the so-called "play school" are extraordinarily alert mentally as a result of the stimulating nature of their previous training, and, instead of demanding more play, demand more work.

I remember an eighth-grade class which I once taught in a "progressive school" in which the pupils discovered that I was willfully eliminating square root from the course. They came to me in a body and insisted that they learn to do square root, because one of the girls had a cousin in a regular school who was learning square root, and none of these "progressively" trained girls was willing to be left behind. The amusing part of it was that I—like a good many others who are not trained to be arithmetic teachers—had gladly forgotten how to do square root myself. Being only a makeshift arithmetic teacher myself, I went to a real, old-fashioned arithmetic teacher for help. She very kindly wrote out the formula for me, and I presented it to the pupils. They could not understand it, and were not satisfied to go on using it until they could understand it. I went back to my old-fashioned teacher, and found that she did not understand it herself, though she had been teaching it for years! So the pupils and I together dug up all the arithmetic books we could get hold of, and finally found one which made square root perfectly clear and understandable. Then the class was satisfied. But it had been unwilling to be satisfied with anything less than real mastery, because mental activity had come to be a delight to that class, and mental activity to be really delightful must involve total mastery of all subjects encountered. Yet this school was called a "play school" by skeptics who had heard over-enthusiastic mothers praising it to the skies.

Many of the misunderstandings of the "modern school" are due to the acceptance by skeptics of the extravagant, narrow-visioned laudatory descriptions of extreme enthusiasts as accurate pictures of what really goes on in the "modern school." These misunderstandings are intensified by the caustic accounts occasionally forthcoming from rock-ribbed conservatives who visit the "modern schools" for an hour or two and go home utterly disgusted at the seeming helter-sketer disorder of some of the class-rooms. Such visitors know nothing of the purposes that lie back of the seeming disorder, know nothing of the lasting intellectual stimulation that each apparently disorderly child may be getting out of the thing he is doing,

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know nothing of the extremely orderly, quiet periods that may balance the extremely free periods, know nothing of the permanency of impressions on the brain gained through self-directing activities compared with impressions gained through teacher-imposed activities. They see only confusion and apparent disorder; and they say, "This is progressive education; this is the modern school; Heaven deliver us!"

There is one other group of people who help to bring about the present misunderstanding of progressive education. It is the group of blind, shallow, lip-service fetish worshipers whose fetish is the new and the bizarre. Some real progressive will discover the value of some particular device or method, and will lecture somewhere about it. Instantly the unbalanced chasers after the new will snatch at the idea, make it a part of their enraptured patter, and organize a school based on that one idea. The school will instantly be classified by the conservatives as "modern;" and immediately the modern schools of the sanely progressive type will be labeled once more as "dangerous."

Let us see how this works out in actual practice. One of the best recognized progressive methods of teaching history is through pageants and dramatizations. The fad-chasers decide that this is the *only* proper way to teach history. "Away with dull study!" they cry. "Our children must dramatize!" So they dramatize this and they dramatize that and they dramatize the other thing. And each time that they succeed in getting drama they think that they have succeeded in teaching history. They become sure that they are doing a wonderful bit of progressive teaching. They decide that the world must know about it. So they plan a dramatization still more elaborate than any yet conceived, and they invite patrons and possible patrons to come and witness it. Then suddenly they become superconscious of the crudeness of the thing that they have been planning. They decide to polish it. They call for more rehearsals than have seemed necessary before. They practice for weeks beforehand, knocking the systematic schedule of study (if there be any) galley-west, yanking children out of recitations here and study periods there in order to get the *ensembles*, drilling star pupils on long parts, while the less brilliant ones stand for accumulating hours as supernumeraries who often don't even know what they are supposed to represent until they are sent home with orders to get such and such a costume. Finally, the play is presented with a grand burst of glory which hides the endless number of individual strains and worries of teachers and pupils. The devotees of "Education by the Dramatic Method" preen themselves complacently, while the skeptics, who can't help but have an inkling of the facts, wonder dubiously if the game was worth the candle. "What did the children get out of it?" they ask. "Nothing but nervous tension and a few meaningless pictures. Give us the good old-fashioned text-book. Away with these dramatizations!"

As a consequence of this, when some sanely progressive teacher, discovering a dramatic possibility in the day's lesson, lets the class work up a crude, spontaneous little drama on the spur of the moment, with every child at work creating his or her own part and devising his or her own costume and properties, the whole thing occupying a few of their own lesson periods and not disturbing other classes at all, the same skeptics, sickened by the other type of painfully worked up play, shake their heads and say: "More tommy-rot dramatizations. Why can't that school get down to brass tacks and do a little real work?" They have no conception of how hard those individual children have worked in their creative enthusiasm. They don't know of the histories and biographies and encyclopædias pored over with eyes that by reason of the enthusiasm make permanent records on the supersensitized brain-stuff. They haven't the faintest idea of the training in research that has come as a mere incidental to the preparation of that crudely presented little drama. So the truly progressive bit of education is scoffed at by the conservative, who has his mind soured by the monkey-like mummery of the faddists.

This is just a sample. Every truth of progressive education is similarly distorted by unthinking enthusiasts who mimic the forms without grasping the basic ideas at all. Hence the righteous scorn of the conservatives for the "modern school."

Those who really wish to be just must remember that there are "modern schools" and "modern schools," the one set run cautiously by real educators who admit that they are groping for "the real thing," who admit that they often miss it, who believe that they sometimes attain it, who never allow themselves to be fooled by shallow forms, who endlessly check up by common sense and educational measurements; the other set run by flashy imitators who mimic the form and miss the substance, who talk glibly of their "projects," and their "learning by doing," and their "education through plays and games," and so forth and so on. But because the sane progressives are for the most part too busy to advertise themselves and the mummers are so vociferous, they are all lumped together and looked upon with pity and disdain by the great mass of intelligent but conservative people of this world. To them "progressive education" is a joke at best.

But "progressive education" is not a joke; it is a serious effort on the part of earnest men and women to get at fundamental principles and put them into practice for the benefit of the children of the world, present and future. These experimental workers believe that true education is the arousing of the powers and faculties of children into vigorous activity, the directing of the resulting enthusiasms into worth-while channels, and the training of the energies into efficient habits of work. They believe that vivid creative experiences burn deep into the brain-stuff and that one creative effort is worth a dozen coldly assigned tasks. They believe that mental and moral discipline comes from wanting so hard to accomplish something that no labor seems too great in bringing it about, and that one hard job completed because of the inner urge is better than a dozen hard jobs done to get marks or escape punishment. They believe that it is the teacher's job to study the inherent nature of children in general for general tendencies by giving them more freedom of choice in the things they study and do, and by observing the nature of their voluntary acts; and to study the particular nature of each individual child, harnessing his impulses and guiding his energies to successful creative accomplishments, which give the only real growth. They believe in less adult restraint and more play for little children; but they also believe in more social responsibility, more self-restraint on the part of the children. They believe that much in the present curriculum has no proper place in the education of most children, not because it is hard but because it simply doesn't fit; that some of it is useless for any children, for the same reason. But they do not wish to tear down; they wish to build up. They are not fanatics, but level-headed experimenters.

The real "modern school" is not a farce, a fad, a fake. It is just what the true advocates claim for it—merely a turning of the face in the direction of truth and a courageous attempt to go forward, expecting to make mistakes, but intending to profit by them, expecting to lose the path now and then, but pledged to come back faithfully to it after each discovery of departure from the true course.

We should support the modern "progressive education" movement with every means at our disposal. But we should remember that some "modern schools" are in the hands of shallow, fad-chasing mummers, while others are in the hands of sane, forward-looking educators. We should learn to distinguish the real thing from its shadow. We should ignore the ill-founded criticisms of those who have been prejudiced by people who don't know the whole story, and we should equally reject the undue enthusiasms of those who think that the "modern school" has already solved all the problems of education. But let us watch with sympathetic interest the efforts of those who are going forward in modest courage toward the goal long pointed to by the greatest educators and philosophers of the world from Plato down to the present time. These are the real progressives in education, and they are the ones who conduct the real "modern schools."

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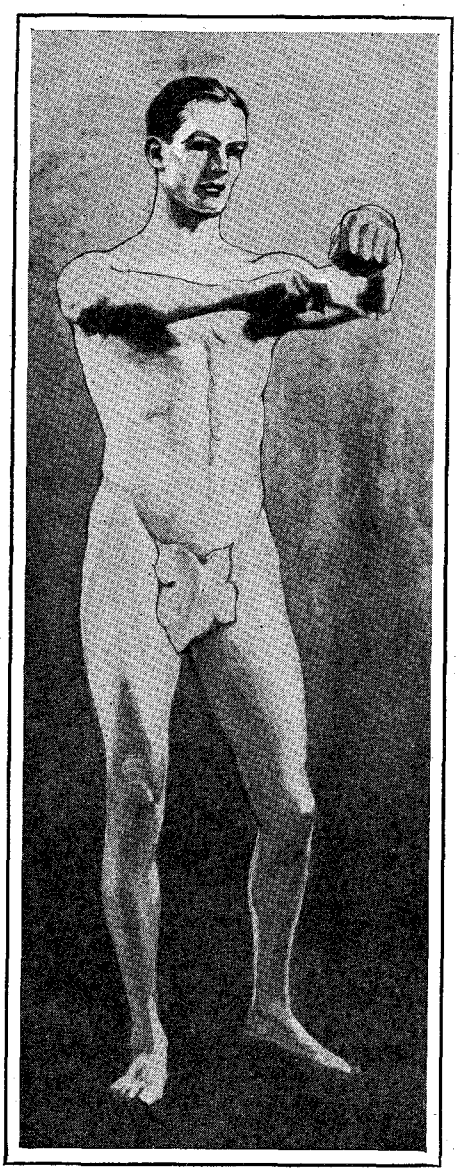
VARIATIONS OF ATHLETIC TYPES

BY R. TAIT McKENZIE, M.D.



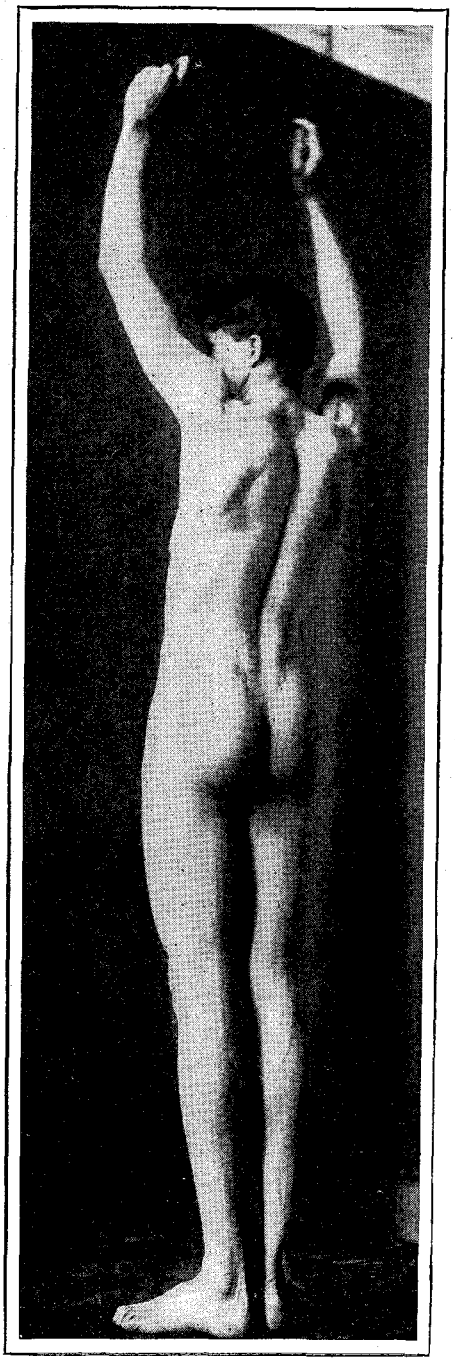
Shows the typical oarsman. Long in the limb, short in the trunk, with finely drawn lines and corresponding closely to the Apoxyomenos of the school of Lysippus, which represented the change in the Greek ideal to a more graceful and slender type

THE attempt to make the human animal conform to an average of height and weight by overfeeding the slender and starving the stout, by driving the fat and resting the thin, or by changing the surroundings of either, is naturally foredoomed to failure.

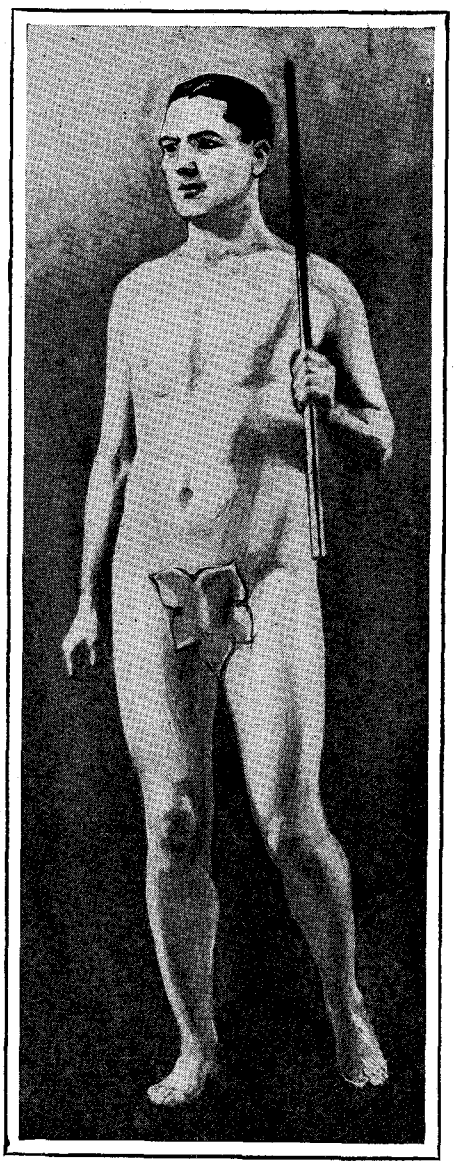
The variations within the normal are what give diversity and interest to the study of man and his measurements, and Sir Francis Galton, that great anthropologist, truly says: "It is difficult to understand why statisticians commonly limit their inquiry to averages and do not revel in more comprehensive views. Their souls seem as dull to the charm of variety as that of the native of one of our flat English counties, whose retrospect of Switzerland was that if its mountains could be thrown into its lakes, two nuisances would be got rid of at once."

Nowhere can one find this divergence within the normal so beautifully shown as among athletes, whose type of figure must be adapted to the particular feat in which they excel.

The place of sport and exercise in



This is the finest example of the greyhound type, the figure slender and graceful. This man was a triple champion in the Olympic Games in the standing high jump, for which his long, slender muscles and light bony structure peculiarly fitted him



This photograph of a great guard in football shows the powerful neck and trunk and the short legs that denote great vitality and strength. He is the type represented by the Doryphoros, the early Greek ideal of manly beauty

changing the development of the body has been greatly misunderstood. It is a common belief that football develops large and burly men, that swimming develops fat men, that running makes men's legs long, and that jumping develops human kangaroos. This is, after all, putting the cart before the horse. A man will select naturally such events as will enable him to succeed through the particular structure of his individual body. The wrestler with a short neck, powerful shoulders and body, and great muscular strength has an enormous advantage over a competitor whose long neck lends itself to a good half Nelson. The hurdle runner, who must clear the ten yards between the hurdles in three

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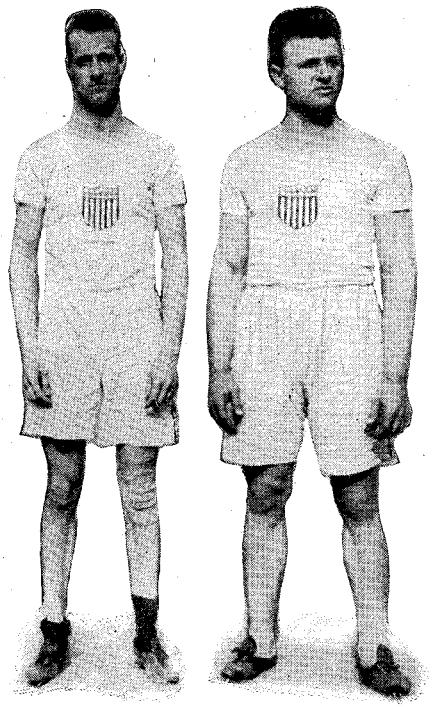
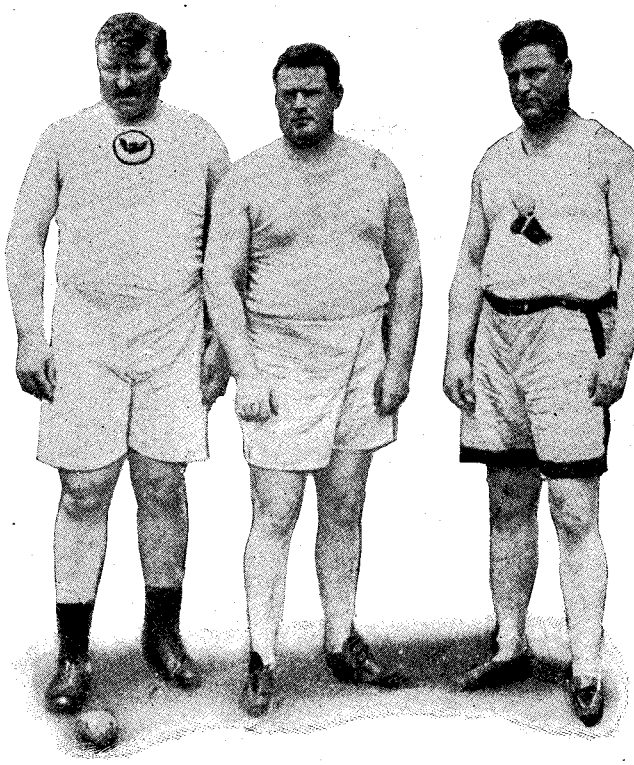
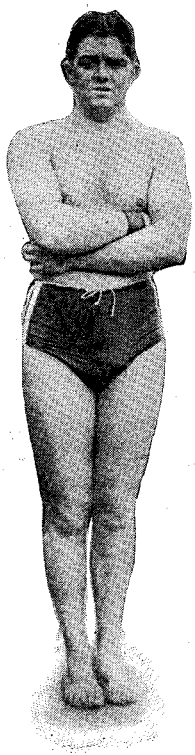


Here we see two champions, one a high jumper and the other a heaver of weights. The fine bones of the jumper and the slightness of his frame are unmistakable, while the solid torso, short sturdy legs and neck, and broad shoulders of the shot-putter account for his driving power



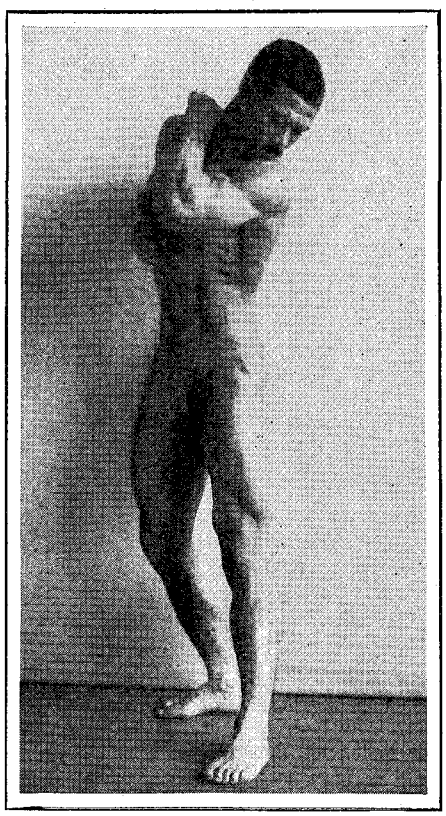
Three champions in putting the shot and throwing the hammer. No training could change the Herculean type of these men and make them sprinters and jumpers. We suspect that not much attention would be paid to those who would be most likely to object to the build of these men. They are star athletes of the New York Police Department



The fat boy is not debarred from athletics altogether. He may still be a plunger, as every spectator at a swimming meet well knows, but he cannot be changed into the greyhound

strides, should have a certain height and length of stride if he is to have any chance of success in this particular competition. The hammer-thrower needs height, and the shot-putter has anadvantage in being able to place great weight behind the missile. The jumper has, like the greyhound, an advantage whose light, airplane-like skeleton is driven by lithe but powerful muscles.

As far back as the time of Philostratus (B.C. 50) this division of men according to their muscular ability was made, and in this quaint way he divided them into classes according to the animals they most nearly represented, such as the bear, which would remind one of the wrestler; the lion, which would make us think of the football player and boxer; the greyhound, the sprinter; and the stag, the oarsman and perhaps the jumper. In spite of this, however, it is not always easy to choose from the physique alone the type that will succeed in any one form of muscular endeavor. The short legs of a jumper may be more than counterbalanced by a fine power of concentration which sends him over the bar far above his head. William Byrd Page jumped about eight inches over his own height. Sprinters are tall and short, stout and thin, counterbalancing physical defects by unusual intelligence or mental concentration, and it is only where the athlete comes in competition with certain immovable apparatus like the hurdles or implements like the shot and hammers that his type must conform to their requirements. The great athlete, then, is



There is as much individuality in the shape of the muscle as in the expression of the face, and, although a muscle may be developed within its limits, its form cannot be greatly changed. This man was a carpenter by trade, had never taken much exercise, and was no stronger than the average man of his height and weight, in spite of the beautiful muscular development shown in the picture

perfect after his kind. Even the sprinter, whose range of variation is more than most athletes, is typically a man of five feet nine inches, with a square chest, well-muscled shoulders and torso, legs sturdy though not unusually muscular, with rather light bones, and always a fine power of mental concentration and a short latent period.

Future investigations will undoubtedly be directed toward discovering the ideal types of figure rather than in trying to drag these types up or down to the average, as the case may be.

The statuette the picture of which was published with the announcement of this article in last week's issue is modeled from the measurements of one hundred runners who could cover one hundred yards in ten seconds or less. It may be said to represent the athlete who has been most successful in trials of speed, long-limbed, small-boned, and well muscled.

An average of the fifty strongest men at college would not show a Hercules, but rather a well-developed young man whose proportions would go midway between the two extremes of slenderness and stockiness. Like most scientific investigations, it is disappointing from the spectacular standpoint because the individual peculiarities become obliterated in the mass of statistics.

I believe that Mr. Taylor's plan of classifying individuals according to type rather than according to general averages is much more interesting and much more sound than any plan that has hitherto been devised.

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CLEAR THE CHANNELS

BY EDWARD A. FILENE

DIRECTOR, INTERNATIONAL CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

THE channels of international trade are choked. Ships swing idly at their moorings, factories are at a standstill for lack of raw materials, jobless men walk the streets, while between the nations economic barriers kill trade. International traders, with no assurance of what conditions will be on the morrow, do not dare to risk any but spot transactions. Many treaties are made, but few are effectively carried out. The world draws a breath of relief only to find itself still in the chaos of international misunderstandings with little gained. Even in the United States millions are out of work. Minorities are restless and turbulent everywhere, and under democratic forms of government they are proving themselves capable of blocking each effort to restore the free play of amicable international relationship.

Trade cannot flow through channels blocked by exorbitant tariffs, governmental prohibitions, preferential export taxes, monopolistic control of basic raw materials, national attempts to secure or retain "war" industries regardless of economic justification, and all the other barriers to free economic intercourse attendant upon the violent outburst of nationalism in industry since the close of the war.

The commerce of the world has suffered more disastrously from the prevailing uncertainty as to what governments are going to do next in tampering with natural economic conditions than from any other one cause. If one country wants goods and another country can supply them, there is always some way that the trade can be arranged if conditions could only be made stable enough to eliminate the trade-destroying fear of new aggressions—of new wars, economic or military.

The war taught all the world the importance of basic products and key industries, and it is not surprising that the newer and weaker countries of Central Europe should erect economic barriers to control the one and encourage the other. Suspicion and jealousy reign as part of the economic war raging in Europe.

The Baltic states have erected barriers of export taxes, each hoping to prevent the outflow of its raw materials and to encourage the creation of industries within its own borders. The attempt is natural enough where leaders are inexperienced in statecraft and ignorant of economic laws.

What difference does it make, we ask, if Latvia, Esthonia, and Livonia vie with each other in the extent and height of their export tariff walls? They must protect themselves until they discover who are friends and who are enemies in the countries around them. Naturally they are timid and cautious.

We may note with relief that the Balkan States have already passed through the stage of unrestrained use of export taxes and are modifying their artificial barriers. Czechoslovakia and Bulgaria have reduced or canceled many of the tariffs they imposed two years ago.

This might indicate that the use of these taxes was a passing whim and that finally these newer members of the world's community of nations would recognize generally the experience of the larger European countries in the eighteenth century, when more friction than good resulted from the use of export restrictions.

Export taxes, unlike import duties, throw the obvious burden on the purchaser. In theory as well as in fact the largest proportion of such taxes are paid by the purchasers in the other countries, and so these taxes are, in effect, "taxation without representation." Export taxes were in use extensively a century and a half ago, but bitter experience with the international differences resulting from them caused so strong a revulsion of feeling against them that our forefathers specifically forbade the use of export taxes in our Constitution. The United States, therefore, has never imposed an export tax and has had little experience with this type of control.

The ominous note, however, comes when we learn of the adoption of export taxes by British legislatures for the control of basic raw materials that are needed by all the world. Great Britain had accepted freedom of trade as its commercial policy and was teaching the whole world an amazing lesson in applied economics, prospering wonderfully without artificial trade restrictions.

Suddenly within the past few years the British Dominions have thrown over the whole structure of the Empire's former international policies. Offspring of the nation which has stood out boldly during the past half-century to demonstrate the advantages of free and friendly economic relations are now shutting themselves off from the rest of the world in order to maintain control of basic commodities and to prevent other nations from getting these commodities without paying toll.

Lloyd George makes treaties in vain when New Zealand and Australia undertake to monopolize the phosphate output of the island of Nauru. Here is a little Pacific island, taken from Germany and given to these Dominions to administer for the Allied and Associated Powers under a mandate. Under German rule its phosphate production was sold freely to all countries of the world; it is one of the largest and richest deposits known, and the product of that little far-away island may become of immense importance as the world's farmers turn more and more to intensive cultivation. Under their present scheme, the British Dominions get all the phosphate production they want at cost price and other nations must stand around, hat in hand, waiting to see if there will be any phosphates left. If there is any surplus over the needs of the British Dominions, the other countries may then be permitted to buy at monopoly prices.

The influence of treaties to maintain peace on the Pacific is lessened when the Malay Peninsula places a prohibitive tax on the tin ore going anywhere except to British ports.

It is excellent to eliminate "sore spots" in China, but this is not enough. When India places a preferential export tax on hides and skins which is calculated to prove a death-blow to the newly established glazed-kid industry in this country, and when West Africa places a preferential export tax on palm kernels at the time when, cut off from her usual supply of vegetable oils, this country was building oil crushers of her own, it is clear that military treaties must be supplemented by some solution of the export-tax evil if international good will and commerce are to rehabilitate the world.

So far, as fast as one obstacle has been laboriously dragged from the channels of trade another has been shoved into the current.

If international distrust and jealousy are to be held in check, every nation must give up the idea of arbitrarily controlling or monopolizing any basic raw materials and must release them freely to all comers on equal terms. Unless discussion of the control of basic raw materials is permitted, economic conferences cannot accomplish the full measure of good expected of them for the restoration of the economic equilibrium of the world. Only careful study and free discussion will disclose the supreme danger threatening the world from this new poison gas of the economic war which is preventing the rehabilitation of our war-torn world.

LUCY FURMAN

will contribute a vivid sketch of the work of a courageous Kentuckian and of his warfare against moonshiners. Her forthcoming article is entitled

"A Right Sheriff"

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HOW BIRDS MAY SAVE A BILLION DOLLARS' WORTH OF FOODSTUFFS A YEAR

BY ROBERT H. MOULTON

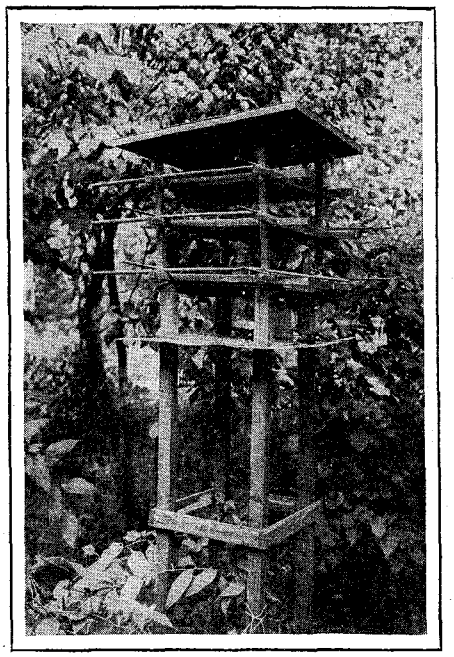
LOPPING a billion dollars off of the Nation's cost of living by the simple expedient of feeding and protecting our birds sounds a bit fantastical, yet there are economists, grain growers, and others in this country who believe that the scheme is entirely practicable. Authorities who have made a study of the subject say that the conservation of all insect-destroying birds would result in the saving of $1,000,000,000 worth of grain and other foodstuff that otherwise is lost each year.

When the conservation of bird life is referred to as one of the greatest economic problems with which we have to deal, that statement carries with it proof indisputable that the subject is so great that few have any conception of the extent to which this country would benefit should an attempt to restore nature's balance between the bird and insect worlds become general. There have been any number of years when, it is estimated by competent authorities, a loss of more than $900,000,000 has been inflicted on the crops of the country by insect pests—a matter of $8 levied on every person in the United States over and above what would have been necessary had the ravages of these insects not taken place.

Now, nobody interested in the conservation of birds is sanguine enough to believe that this tremendous loss which the Nation suffers annually can be wiped out in a few years. There will never come a time, probably, when codling moths, potato bugs, locusts, and other pests that seem to spring up from nowhere and leave a trail of desolation in their wake will not exist to some extent. We have always had them, and there is little likelihood that they will ever become sufficiently rare to arouse curiosity.

But consider what a change would be wrought, what benefits would result, from the elimination of a fraction of this waste. Even one-quarter of this amount is $225,000,000, a right tidy sum in this age. And there is no telling how much further the good work could be carried, until with proper attention it might ultimately approximate abolition of the industrious little destroyers that feast on the fat of the land and make the head of every household pay the price of their depredations.

The theory of those who advocate bird conservation is that if birds are present in any given locality in sufficient numbers they will prevent the excessive increase of those insect pests on which they live to a large extent. The number of birds need not be large proportionately, for they have an almost incredible capacity for insects, and, singularly enough, the young birds in the nest are even more ravenous than their elders. Cases are common where birds have been observed to eat half their weight in worms and insects in the course of a day, and it is a matter of record that a young robin ate nearly twice its weight in cutworms and earthworms and other worms in a like period. Insect birds have been called the "police of the air." Certain species of birds consume millions of mosquitoes and disease-breeding insects that annually collect a toll of death among the cattle. Examination of the stomach of a nighthawk, for instance, revealed five hundred mosquitoes—indicating a tremendous slaughter among the enemies of mankind.



OPEN-AIR "CAFETERIA," BUILT TO HOLD FOOD FOR BIRDS AND ENCOURAGE THEIR PRESENCE

Insects, it is asserted by Government experts, are more numerous than any other known form of life. Caterpillars are shown to eat twice their weight in leaves per day, and it is well to remember in this connection that vegetable feeders of this species during their progress to maturity, which occupies thirty days, increase in size no less than ten thousand times.

Birds are often accused of eating this or that product of cultivation, when an examination of the stomachs shows the accusation to be unfounded. Within certain limits birds eat the kind of food that is most accessible, especially when their natural food is scarce or wanting. Thus they sometimes injure the crops of the farmer who has unintentionally destroyed their natural food in his improvement of swamp or pasture. Most of the damage done by birds and complained of by farmers and fruit growers arises from this very cause. The berry-bearing shrubs and seed-bearing weeds have been cleared away, and the birds have no resource but to attack the cultivated grain or fruit which has replaced their natural food supply. The great majority of land birds subsist upon insects during the period of nesting and molting, and also feed their young upon them. Many species live almost entirely upon insects, taking vegetable food only when other subsistence fails. It is thus evident that in the course of a year birds destroy an incalculable number of insects, and it is difficult to overestimate the value of their services in restraining the great tide of insect life.

There are a number of common birds, to be found on almost every farm in the country, whose economic value cannot be disputed for an instant, although, unfortunately, many farmers do not realize this. The meadow-lark, for example, is a familiar bird of grassland throughout the whole United States. Alike on Eastern meadows, Western prairies, and Southern savannas, its clear pipe, as sweet and clean as silver, may be heard in spring announcing the return of the season of procreation and growth. More than half the lark's food consists of harmful insects. Its vegetable food is composed of either noxious weeds or waste grain, and the remainder is made up of useful beetles or neutral insects. Assuming that an adult lark destroys fifty grasshoppers a day—a conservative estimate—and that five pairs of larks nest each season on every good-sized farm where they are not persecuted, the number of grasshoppers despatched daily on such a farm during August means a boon the enlightened farmer must appreciate.

Unfortunately for the meadow-lark, its body is plump and its flesh well flavored, and, as it is easily killed, the temptation is too great for some persons to resist. But it is most emphatically a case of "killing the goose that lays the golden eggs." The small portion of food that the creature's body yields is as nothing compared with the good the bird does when alive. The tendency to treat the meadow-lark as a game bird is far too general, and every farmer on whose land it is found should rigidly protect it and allow it to breed undisturbed. When their numbers have so far increased as to render it dangerous to crops it will be soon enough to begin the thinning-out process, but that day is still far distant in most parts of the country.

No bird is better known to country residents than the bob-white. The bird's cheery calls the year around form part of the most pleasant associations of country life, and its neat form and harmonious coloration, and especially its confiding habits, make it a general favorite. Weed seeds form more than half its total food and include those of all the worst weed pests of the farm. Grain

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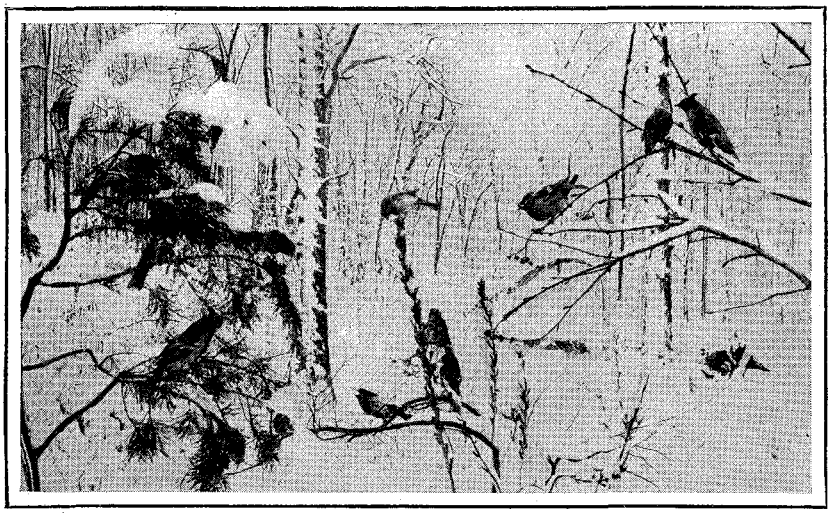

SNOWBIRDS, OR JUNCOS, AND OTHER VALUABLE BIRDS THAT WINTER AROUND FARMS AND CITY HOMES

forms scarcely more than a sixth of this bird's food, but most of it is taken during winter and early spring, when nothing but waste grain is available. The habit of gleaning this after the harvest is beneficial to the farm, for volunteer grain is not desirable, especially where it serves to maintain certain insect and fungous pests. From June to August, inclusive, when insects are most numerous, their proportion in the food of the bob-white is about forty per cent. The variety of insect food is great and its food also includes a number of the most destructive agricultural pests, among which may be mentioned crab, cockspur, wire and foxtail grasses, sheep sorrel, smartweed, blindweed, pigweed, corn-cockle, chickweed, charlock, beggar's-lice, ragweed, and Spanish needles.

The food habits of the bob-white undoubtedly are beneficial and the bird should be maintained in numbers on every farm. This is not to say that all shooting should be prohibited, for the bird is very prolific. But its numbers should not be reduced below what the available nesting sites and range will support. On the other hand, the policy of absolute protection recently adopted by one of the States is not called for by strictly economic considerations.

The diminutive house wren is a fussy, flighty, and fidgety little midget, frequenting the vicinity of barns and gardens, and particularly old orchards where the trees are partially decayed. Never for a moment at rest while there is a ray of daylight, it would seem that his small body must soon be worn out by his incessant activity. His voice, as tireless as his wings, is heard from morning until night about the garden and orchard where he seeks his daily food, and, while not very melodious, it is cheerful and suggestive of life and activity.

In food habits the wren is entirely beneficial. He may be said to live upon animal food alone, examination of the stomachs of a large number of wrens showing that ninety-eight per cent of the contents was made of harmful insects. As the wren is a prolific breeder, frequently rearing in a season from twelve to sixteen young, a family of these birds must cause considerable reduction in the number of insects in a garden.

The house wren is only one of a numerous group of small birds of similar habits. There are within the limits of the United States twenty-eight species and sub-species of wrens, occupying more or less completely the whole country from the Atlantic to the Pacific. No species of wren has been accused of harm, and its presence should be encouraged about every farm, ranch, village, or suburban residence.

The junco, or snowbird, may be found over practically the whole country during the winter months. The insect food of the junco is composed almost entirely of harmful species, of which caterpillars form the largest item. Juncos do not damage fruit or grain, but eat large quantities of weed seed, thereby rendering a valuable service to agriculture. The chickadee is another small bird, widely distributed, whose food consists largely of the eggs, pupæ, and larvæ of noxious insects. As an enemy of caterpillars the bird has few peers. It also destroys a great many of those two pests of horticulture, plant lice and scales.

The little screech-owl ranges from coast to coast and far beyond both the northern and southern boundaries of the United States. With the exception of the burrowing owl, it feeds more extensively on insects than any of the owls. It is also a diligent mouser, and feeds more or less on scorpions and lizards. Among insects, grasshoppers, crickets, beetles, and cutworms are most often eaten. As many as fifty grasshoppers have been found in one stomach, eighteen May beetles in another, and thirteen cutworms in still another. During the warmer parts of the year it is exceptional to find a stomach not filled with insect remains.

OWL AND YOUNG ON NEST. THEY KILL MANY MICE AND OTHER ENEMIES OF THE FARMER

Meadow mice, white-footed mice, and house mice are the mammals most often taken. As more than three-fourths of the owl's food consists of injurious mammals and insects, and only about one-seventh of birds (a large proportion of which are destructive English sparrows), there is no question that this little owl should be carefully protected. As a matter of fact, all of our owls are much more useful than injurious, notwithstanding the popular opinion to the contrary. They deserve almost complete protection rather than the persecution to which they are customarily subjected.

An interesting experiment carried on in Illinois during the last two years proves conclusively that many of the migratory birds that annually desert the North for sunnier lands do not travel South because of the climate. Lack of food has starved them out. On a tract of five or six acres near Chicago thousands of supposedly migratory birds have been induced to spend the winter by reason of suet supplied in food-boxes.

The work of feeding the birds at this place resulted in the construction of a special design of food-box. It was discovered that when suet was placed on the ground or the limbs of trees without protection the bigger birds, after the manner of their human kind, crowded out the smaller and weaker birds and took possession of the entire supply. In order to prevent this, a box of special construction was prepared. Its back consists of a curved piece of metal that protects the bark of the tree upon which it is hung. The front is covered with a strong wire net that is sufficiently coarse to admit the bills of the hungry birds, but too fine to allow them to remove all the suet at once.

The result of the feeding is that many birds of species that ordinarily would be unknown in the region of Chicago during the winter months remain in this tract of land, seeming to appreciate the fact that they will be provided for. Others, coming from a more northerly latitude, decide to remain in this realm of plenty until the return of spring sends them back to their summer haunts. This leads to the belief that once a feeding-place has become thoroughly established with the feathered rovers, they will be attracted in sufficient numbers so that they will multiply rapidly, and if left undisturbed will in the course of a few years make a remarkable showing to the benefit of both the country and the suburban dweller.

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THE ROMANCE OF IT

BY W. B. MAXWELL

AUTHOR OF "MRS. THOMPSON," "A LITTLE MORE," AND OTHER NOVELS

I PRICKED my ears to that word "romance," because it sounded so extraordinarily incongruous on the lips of a little dry old fellow in a third-class smoking carriage of a Ramsgate train.

"Yes, I bin through a lot in my time."

"And I dare say seen a lot too," said the fat, stupid-looking man opposite to him.

"Enough to make a book," and the old chap paused to fill and light his pipe.

They had not spoken to each other until the carriage emptied at Faversham, but now they went on talking—or rather, the old man talked and the fat man listened, merely making echoes or approvals now and then, to show interest and sympathy. While pretending to read my magazine I listened also, fascinated, as I always am, by the total lack of reticence and astounded by the strength of the instinct that impels certain people to unbosom themselves to strangers, as if they felt it a duty as well as a pleasure to offer the most secret workings of their hearts and minds as object-lessons for the transient attention of the wide world.

"Sixty-eight years of age I am."

"Shouldn't have given you so much."

"Yes, I am." And I looked at his ruddy, wrinkled cheeks, his small lively eyes, and his scrubby gray beard, while he continued to pour forth biographical details. "Hopkins, my name is. Married twice. Ah, you can smell the briny now, can't you? I've never followed the sea, though connected with it. Dealer in sailors' stores—boots, tarpaulins, what not. Kept my fortieth trade anniversary last year, I did. It isn't a big business. In point o' fact it isn't a great deal bigger now than it was forty year ago. But we've 'ad our bread and cheese out of it all the time."

"You can't complain, then."

"No, I don't complain. I should 'a' done more, p'r'aps, but for deficient education. That was one of my drawbacks. Left schooling too early, to take up my apprenticeship with a grocer in London."

Then soon Mr. Hopkins used that stimulating but unexpected word again.

"There's ordinary marriages, and there's what you may call romantic marriages." As he said this he chuckled complacently. "My first marriage was a romantic marriage, if ever there was one. You know what I mean? All chances—one thing leading to another.

"The first chance was my scraping acquaintance with a man called Brickett. He called himself so; it was not his name really, as the event proved. I was young then, and the meeting took place in a public-house at Bournemouth, where I'd come down from London for my summer holiday.

"Now here's a funny thing—I knew Brickett was a wrong 'un from the moment I saw him. The first word he addressed to me I was on my guard with him. Nevertheless, not knowing any one else in the place, I was satisfied to share his companionship—so far as mouch about with him, sit on the sands and smoke a pipe, and take our glass together at the Red Anchor of an evening—but a bit ashamed of him because of his shabby garments, and careful not to let him cadge on me, and showing I didn't mean to be his victim.

"HE was a very ugly man. I've a reason for telling you that. Second day or so he disclosed how he'd been in trouble, but, having served his sentence, no one could throw it in his face. That's the law of England. Quite right too. Respectable born, according to his tale, but debauched by bad company, and then giving up the struggle. Far as I could make out, his profession, if you can call it so, at the present time—when I say the present time, you understand, I mean at *that* time—was no more than hanger-on, number-runner, or tout, to a pack of book-makers. Where I think his money came was more by a sort of agency—going about among town lads and leading 'em on to bet their bobs and 'alf-crowns day by day with one of his crew. All that game is Greek to me, and always 'as been. I kept meself out of it, and wouldn't mix meself up with it, and, if you ask me, I don't know why the Government hasn't ever stopped it. Beyond this what he let fall, I soon detected that 'e was a man who could show his power over women; and I 'ad my suspicions 'ow 'e'd turned this to account in 'is time. If I admired him for such power as he showed, I 'ad my own private reasons, and you'll understand I didn't respect 'im for it—far from it. Any such suspicion naturally filled me with disgust, and made me the more sure, if I 'adn't been sure already, not to make a *friend* of him. Our intercourse was only two pals in holiday time, and so it must remain. Well, then, noticing the barmaid that served us at the Anchor, I passed the remark to Brickett, so as she couldn't hear me, that she was a fine piece o' goods. And so she was for 'er age, for she must 'ave been forty if she was a day; but what with her dyed hair, and the way she pulled in her figure, and 'er pleasant manner of speech, according to the custom of the trade, quite a picture as she stood there behind the bar cleaning of the glasses in preparation for closing time.

"'Why don't you tell 'er so yourself, straight out? says Brickett. 'Go on! Tell 'er so.'

"'Not much—not me,' I says. 'I've too much respect for 'er. I'm not going to insult a respectable young woman.' And the idea of it made me quite hot and uncomfortable.

"'Gammon!' says 'e. 'She won't be insulted. She'll take it as a compliment.'

"I told him to drop it. No more chaff of that sort, unless he wanted to see me go straight out of the door. As I said, it was near closing time, and there was only us three there—him, and me, and the barmaid.

"'All right,' he says; and then before my eyes he began on her himself.

"Don't ask me what 'e said. I couldn't tell you if I tried, but there he was, leaning acrost the bar, paying her 'is compliments, all familiar chaff on 'is side and giggling on 'ers, till he asks her, 'What's the price of kisses to-night?' And she says, 'More than you can pay, anyhow.' To which 'e replied, 'Then I'll 'ave one gratis.'

"Did I mention to you that 'e was a very ugly man? It's the fact—something wrong with 'is eyes, and, moreover, there was a scar one side of his face, where 'e'd been kicked by a horse as a child, as 'e said. Notwithstanding, there 'e stood, leaning further and further crost the bar and squinting at her most horrible, and 'er giggling, till all at once she says, 'I suppose I must do it, if I want to get rid of you.' And she give 'im his kiss, free, gratis, and for nothing. It was the evidence of my eyes, or I wouldn't 'ave believed it.

"'Now,' she says, laughing, not a bit offended, 'be off, the pair of you. I never heard of such goings-on. You London gentlemen behave as though you've bought the place. You're a precious pair, so you are. Good-night. And don't let me see you here again.' Saying it, mind you, as though she didn't mean that last bit.

"Brickett and I went out arm in arm, both of us laughing, and, explain it how you will, I felt all excited and stirred up by what had passed, with the sensation that I'd been carrying on just as bad as Brickett. Prob'ly it was 'er way of coupling us together, but there it was! I felt as if I'd kissed 'er meself."

Mr. Hopkins, leaning forward, touched the fat man with the mouthpiece of his pipe, as though to enforce a point.

"Now this bit o' fun with the barmaid you may call the second chance in the romantic events to which I was drifting.

"Before we parted that night, or perhaps it was next day—I don't remember—Brickett and I got started talking

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about marriage, and off and on we never stopped. I begun by telling him that I was bashful with women.

"'You don't need to be,' he said. 'They never appreciate it.'

"But bit by bit I confessed to him—what was the Gospel truth—that I felt myself too timid by nature ever to reach the point of asking a girl to marry me. Mind you, this was sober earnest, explain it how you will. I'd reached the age of twenty-three, but so timid about it that the matter was what you may term a sealed book. Not that I didn't want to get married—far from it. It wasn't that I couldn't fall in love. For, believe me, ever since I left school I'd been in love with the whole sect. No consequence to me what color a girl's hair, or her eyes either—no, nor her size. There was something to me about a decently dressed young woman, whether I see her behind a counter, wheeling a pram, or sitting about, as they were by hundreds down there, I was fascinated and overcome by it. Look here, not so long ago I read a piece in a newspaper called 'Feminine Charm.' Well, those words, they just hit the target! That was what I felt all the time—feminine charm. Only, if I can make myself clear to you, I couldn't profit by it; tongue-tied, stupid, timid, at the mere notion. This I told to Brickett perfectly honest, as I've told it to you, and we came near a quarrel because of a remark he made on it. But I told him, if I was timid of women, I wasn't timid of men—no—and that was the truth. If I fell out with a man, no matter that he was twice my size, and he generally *was*—for you see what I am in stature—the opposition and heat I felt at once enabled me to stand up to him. I couldn't give in if I wanted to. I'd sooner take a licking any day of the week than be backed down. And I let Brickett understand that precious quick. He apologized.

"Same evening we went to another public at Brickett's wish, where we could talk quiet without bothering about that barmaid. We was still talking of the same subject, and over our second glass he tells me on his honor that he knows of a girl who would take on any decent chap like me, and gladly too. He said: 'What's more, she's got a nice bit of money, too, that she came into.'

"'But who is she?' I asked.

"'Never you mind who she is,' he said, 'until we get a good deal more forward in what we're arranging.'

"'Is she straight?' I asked him.

"'What d'ye mean by straight?' was his reply. 'If she gives her word, she won't go back on it.'

"But I explained to him my meaning, that with such a thing as marriage under discussion I wished to know if she was a virtuous young woman.

"He burst out, angry and violent. 'O' course she is,' he shouts. 'And if you attempt any tricks with her, I'll bash your head in.' As a matter of fact, it was *then*, and not before, that I told him how, if I was timid with one sect, I wasn't with the other.

"Then he answers, dogged, but firm: 'Yes, she's a good honest girl, and always has been.'

"'How d'you know?' I asked him. 'Have you yourself tried it on with her?'

"That made him angry again, and he went on to say he'd happened to know her and her family from childhood; she was in domestic service in this very town of Bournemouth, and he'd partly come down to see her.

"'Well,' I says at last, 'it all sounds very nice, but o' course there's a catch to it somewhere,' and I put it to him: Why should she be in such a hurry to take on such a poor sort of bargain as myself? I wasn't handsome, and beyond a decent suit of clothes on my back and a few savings in the bank I hadn't much, as I could see, to recommend me. Brickett then became very confidential. 'It's like this,' he says. 'She's a girl that 'as a keen desire to be engaged and married. To a certain extent it's rivalry—not caring to be left on the shelf and other girls going off one after another—and it's also a kind of instinct. Often I've argued with her, saying: "Miss Shaw"—that's her name—"Miss Shaw, you're far better as you are. A husband, if you get a bad one, will spend your money, put you in a condition you can't go on with your employment, and break your heart." But it makes no difference to her. She's set on it.'

"'Well,' I says, still doubting, 'she didn't ought to have far to seek to satisfy her aspirations.'

"'One thing,' says Brickett, extremely confidential, dropping his voice so low that I had to tell him to speak up, 'One thing,' he says again, 'she isn't a beauty. I've not said she is, have I? No, all that family was handsome men and women except her.'

"I didn't understand this illusion till long afterwards. Couldn't do so, not having the clue.

"However, nevertheless and notwithstanding, the following evening he took me up behind a large house among the pine trees towards Boscombe way, and after a bit she comes out and he makes the introduction. She was a fine, big young woman, and dressed as gay as any one could wish to see.

"'Miss Shaw,' I said, very nervous, but passing it off as well as I could, 'glad to meet you;' but she never answered, only looked at me.

"'It's her evening off,' says Brickett, 'and she has till ten o'clock. Don't keep her out after ten, 'cause her mistress won't allow it;' and he was for leaving us, but I caught 'im by the coat sleeve.

"'Don't leave us, Brickett,' I says.

"'No,' she says, looking at me, not at 'im, and speaking no louder than a whisper, 'you'd better stay.'

"'Oh, no,' he says, laughing; 'two's company and three's none;' and with that he's gone.

"We two went through a narrer path among a lot o' bushes, my only idea being to get out to the cliff and p'r'aps take her down towards the pier and give her a drink and let her listen to the band. But I was in such a state of confusion that I hardly knew what I *did* mean. She stepped along the path in front o' me as I'd told her to, because I truly felt that shy I couldn't look her in the face; yet ashamed too, and wanting to kick myself for it. Same old story—I was overcome by the charm, but struck helpless as usual; my throat all dry, my tongue sticking to the roof of my mouth, speechless. But I struggled, trying to pull myself together, thinking, 'Now, Jack, you're up against it. Don't funk. Be a man for once.'"

Mr. Hopkins laughed with enormous relish before continuing.

"I made the vow I'd begin before we got through them bushes, and just as I caught a sight of the stile at the end o' the path I found my courage. I started on her as near as I could in Brickett's way—taking a leaf out of his book when he came over that barmaid—pretending to have full confidence.

"'Here I am behind you,' I said. 'You haven't lost me yet. Suppose I was to put my arm round your waist. D'you think I could get it round—for you're one o' the substantial sort, aren't you?'

"At what I said she stopped short, not looking back at me, but holding her head down and moving her hands about in a queer way as if she was swimming, and my courage failed me.

"'Don't be afraid,' I said, laughing, foolish. 'I'm not going to take any such liberty. Only my chaff. I'm a rare one for chaff. Hope you don't mind it, miss?'

"She walked on at once, and we come to the stile, and I forced myself to touch her on the back as if in fun.

"'Now,' I said, forcing myself, 'do you want me to lift you over it? I'll try if you like, for, though you weigh a tidy bit, I reckon, I'm strong for my size.'

"She answered me in a husky whisper that I was to get over the stile first and she'd follow.

"'What?' I said, laughing, but feeling regular desperate. 'Afraid o' me seeing your ankles? Well, show me your face, anyhow. What you're showing me now is only your neck and your chignon.'

"'You're laughing at my red hair,' she whispered, getting her head lower still. 'It disgusts you—red hair does, I suppose?'

"'I don't mind the color o' your hair,' I said, laughing. 'There's plenty of it. That's the main thing with hair. Come,' I says, 'we're wasting the daylight; we shall have the dusk directly;' and I took possession of her by the shoulders and compelled her. "There, now, let's have a squint at you. Well, I'm blowed,' I said, 'I've hit the target with that remark, it seems;' and I laughed in real earnest. For I see then that there was a bit of round-the-corner work with her eyes—nothing to matter, but what the

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doctors call a cast. 'Appears to be fashionable in these parts,' I said. I was thinking of Brickett. I told you how he squinted. It has its bearing on what follows.

"'I was like that from birth,' she said, moving her hands as if to hide her face. 'I suppose you find it a great disfigurement?'

"'Oh, no,' I said, still laughing. 'I don't mind it.'

"'Oh, stop laughing at me,' she says.

"Then, without the slightest warning, she bursts into tears. Her sobs were something pitiful to hear. I never been so upset before or since; and, do how I would, I couldn't comfort nor console her. I was beside myself about her going on like that. 'It's not a bit o' good,' she cried. 'Go away, leave me alone, let me get home and conceal myself. You've tried to take to me, but you can't. You don't like me, and you never will. Nobody ever will.'

"Why prolong it? I made the discovery then and there that she was precisely in the same boat as myself. She confessed to me while I was wiping her eyes what she had suffered, seeing the other servants picking up their young men, taking this one, that one, like fruit off a tree, and her thinking she'd never have one herself. Believe me, it's the simple fact of it—there was nothing what had tortured me about young women that she hadn't felt lit'rally the same about young men.

"My nervousness was gone—gone forever too. I didn't take her down among the crowd on the pier—not much. Give one look at it, both of us, and watched it with the pretty lamps showing as the dusk came down on us from a distance. We didn't want a drink either. We'd found where the 'oney was, sweet an' refreshing, an' we meant to sip it by ourselves.

"Look here," said Mr. Hopkins, loudly, almost aggressively, "I'm sixty-eight years of age, I am; and that night is still yesterday. See what I mean? On top of all it was moonlight before 10 P.M., flashing out there on the water; and those pier lamps twinkling like—like so many stars tumbled down out of the sky at our feet.

"We sat upon the sandy ground halfway down the cliff, with the heather to our elbows, looking at it all and embracing one another. She told me how she'd never bin kissed before, and I told her the same. 'D'you like it, dear?' I asked her. 'It's 'eavenly,' she whispered. And so it was.

"My feelings!" said Mr. Hopkins, loudly. "It was a triumph. I felt big as the figurehead of a four-mast sailing ship. Rapture—holding one of the other sect, all contented in my arms. You know what I mean? You've tasted it yourself. But yet, no, you haven't either—not considering my age at the time, twenty-three years. I don't believe any one as ever lived has done so to the full extent I did that night—not the mutual gratification of it, as I may term it—us two together opening of what had been a sealed book to both of us, under such romantic circumstances."

Mr. Hopkins relit his pipe, took a few meditative puffs, and went on again.

"So there it was. Gwennie—that was her name, Gwen, as I called her—Gwen and I were an engaged couple. I told Brickett it had been love at first sight on both sides, and for the first time I let him cadge on me—lending him a bob or two to drink our health before breakfast next morning—for the pubs were closed by the time I met him. I lent him some more next day. I couldn't refuse him now.

"I was another bein'—up somewhere like a balloon, above myself and everybody else. To give you a clue to my feelings, I never so much as asked Gwen a word about her money—you know, the legacy what Brickett had mentioned. I'd clean forgot. It was love I was after, not the money. But she spoke about it herself. It was all right—a hundred pounds as she'd inherited. So much the better.

"I used to make my lair in that little wood with the bushes, and bide there waiting for her till she could get out to me. Her hour was nine o'clock, when the fam'ly had finished their dinner and the other servants at their supper, an' she could slip out for twenty minutes without remarks being made. She never missed an evening, and so proved the depth of her affection.

"I suppose it was better part of a week when blowed if I didn't go and have an accident—yes, sprained my ankle and couldn't put my foot to the ground. I went to the expense of a doctor, and he ordered me to rest it till further orders.

"Well, the second evening I was deprived of her I couldn't bear it any longer. Doctor or no doctor, I'd got to go to her—if I crawled there on my hands and knees. The pain give me beans, but I'd bound up my ankle double tight, and I crept my way up to that cliff and into the wood.

"It was ten past nine, and she was there a'ready—*with somebody else*.

"Yes, they were coming along the path towards me—her and another man—her voice and his I heard as plain as I could hear you. It was Brickett. He had his arm round her waist, and it was 'Gwennie,' 'Gwennie, my dear,' and cetera; and she responding to him all love and kindness.

"The pain I felt at that moment was worse, far worse, than what my foot could give. It was knives through and through, till my anger swept over me. My anger was something fearful.

"D'you follow what I mean? I read it up straight away. They'd bin foolin' me. Brickett, with the power what I knew he possessed, had got hold of this girl so's she b'longed to him body and bones; but for their own reasons they wished to secure some juggins like me to give her the state of a married woman. Why should she fall in love with me? Not likely—not much. All my old disbelief in myself had come rolling back on me, and I seemed to see the whole dashed plot. I'm not surprised I was angry.

"'You stop,' I shouted, for he was running away. 'You wait for me, you sneakin' dog. D'you think I'm goin' to take your leavings?' and I hobbled after him, till he had to stop. 'Put up those dirty hands of yours,' I said, 'and we'll see.'

"Then Gwen springs in between us.

"'Don't 'it 'im, Jack,' she cries. 'He's my brother.'

"And that was the truth at last. So it came out finally.

"They were respectable people, and Brickett—his true name was Shaw, of course—he'd used a many names, he having gone wrong, the whole family felt the disgrace and barred him. My Gwen being the only one of them who suffered him—and then in secret. The more credit to her, I thought, when I came to understand it, because it proved her good heart.

"But, mind you, a wrong 'un is a wrong 'un. It further came out that he'd made her promise to give him half her hundred pounds if he could find her a decent young man who'd accept her hand in church. I had to put a stopper on such a robbery as that, and Brickett and I quarreled over it for good an' all. Nevertheless and notwithstanding, I knew Gwen helped him often after our marriage, an' I winked at it."

Mr. Hopkins sighed, and knocked the ashes from his pipe.

"Fourteen years she was a true helpmate to me, bearing me three—Gladys, who died; Edwin, in the R.F.A., wounded at the second battle of Ypres, now porter at the Ulysses Mansions, Earl's Court, London; and Jane, one of the head nurses in a hospital for the insane. Then I lost her. Mourned her eighteen months, and then married the present Mrs. Hopkins, to keep the home going. Yes, I've had two good wives. But, as you can say, with the first one I buried all the romance of my life. The present Mrs. Hopkins was the other sort of union.

"Look here." He brought forth from his breast pocket something wrapped in paper, and as I watched him I saw that there were tears in his eyes. "There's my Gwen"—he was handing to the fat man a faded gilt-framed photograph—"my little Gwen, as she was when I wooed and won her. No one knows that I carry that about with me in my pocket," and the tears rolled down his wrinkled face.

And I thought that all values are relative, and all things colored by the eyes that look at them. Essentially, it *was* romance.

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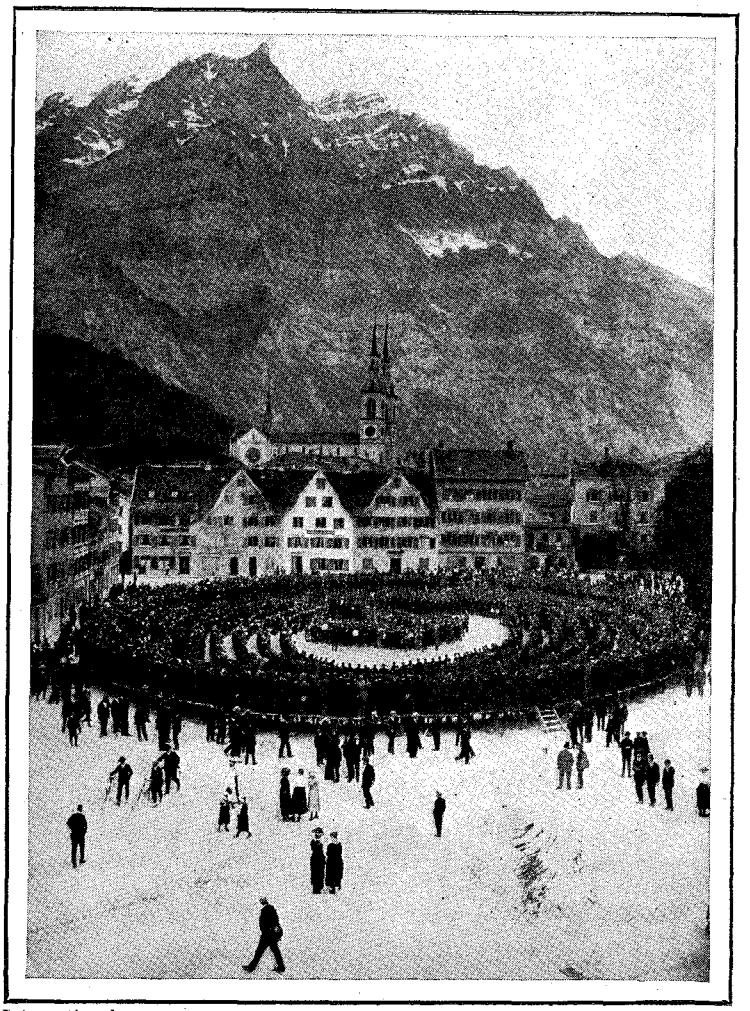
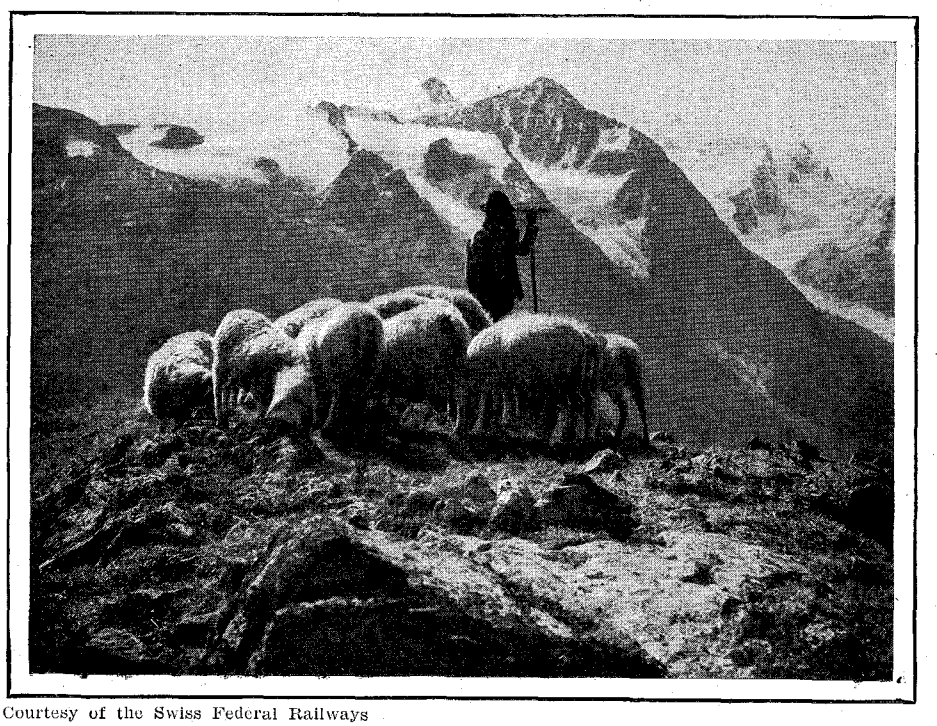
THE MOUNTAIN-BORN DEMOCRACY OF SWITZERLAND



International

A SWISS "TOWN MEETING"

Switzerland is a federation of twenty-two independent Cantons, each of which has its own parliamentary bodies. In four of the Cantons the old system of public assemblies and voting is still in vogue, the first Sunday in May of every year being designated as the time when the populace of the Cantons meet in the public square to cast their votes. The governor of each Canton conducts this public meeting, known as "the Landesgemeinde," one of which is shown in session here



Courtesy of the Swiss Federal Railways

A SHEPHERD WITH HIS FLOCK IN THE BERNINA GROUP OF MOUNTAINS IN THE UPPER ENGADINE, SWITZERLAND

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THE BOOK TABLE

A FEW MORE NOVELS

SOLOMON, who had ample opportunities to know what he was talking about, speaks feelingly in his Song about jealousy. It is "cruel as the grave"—or even worse according to the Revised Version, "cruel as Sheol." "The coals thereof are coals of fire which hath a most vehement flame." Barring the tremendous exposition of male jealousy in "Othello," one doubts if any one has more searchingly depicted the corroding effect of jealousy on happiness than Mrs. Deland in "The Vehement Flame"[1]—her first novel since "The Rising Tide," six years ago. That story dealt with a brilliant woman in revolt against convention, this with a mentally stupid woman whose adoration of her husband, a man naturally patient, kindly, and responsive to affection, wears out his endurance by its very excess and monotony, and finally alienates his love, though not his sense of duty to another. It is true that the marriage was a fearful mistake from the outset, in that the bride was thirty-nine years old and the groom nineteen. But the real study of the novel is not of disparity; with Eleanor's narrow outlook on life and her failure to bind Maurice to her by romance the problem would have been much the same in any case; the age disparity was not what lost her happiness, but it helped feed her "vehement flame." She was pitifully like her own pet dog, who growled to the minute of her death at any one who even looked at his mistress. It was the very nature of Eleanor's jealousy that she could not help her husband to enjoy art or outdoor life or friendships, nor did she even do what her coarse-grained aunt constantly urged, "feed him and entertain him." In short, she was bound down by selfish love and burning, restrained jealousy.

Obviously, "The Vehement Flame" is rather of the class to which Mrs. Deland's "The Awakening of Helena Richie" and "The Iron Woman" belong than to that of the "Old Chester Tales" and "Doctor Lavendar's People." It has not all the strength or unity of situation to be found in the first two, nor the humorous twinkle of the second two—it would be hard to name four more worthy pieces of fiction writing by any living American novelist—but it is a vigorous and subtle study of a complex human character.

Not since "Tante" has Anne Sedgwick given us a stronger single character than that which pervades and dominates her "Adrienne Toner."[2] To my liking, "Tante" still remains her best "all round" novel because of its diversity of

From a painting by Joseph Cummings Chase

MARGARET DELAND

character and motive; here everybody and everything is a "feeder," as theatrical people say, to Adrienne. Not that they are dummies; they are clearly sketched silhouettes, but Adrienne's depiction is like a full-size Sargent portrait. The sub-title is quite correct, but it really doesn't matter a pin that Adrienne is an American and her husband an Englishman. Reverse the nationality, and the *motif* of the character study would be the same.

We have all known women who have had some or all of Adrienne's traits—absolute confidence in herself, certainty that others will and should see her light and follow her path, perfect unconsciousness that she is meddling in others' affairs, and withal such serenity and desire to make the poor old world happy and good that disciples and admirers flock around her. Adrienne can cure sick-headaches by the touch of her hand—sometimes; so she knows that she cannot give wrong moral advice; yet she totally ruins the life of a young girl by telling her that if she deeply loves a married man she would better elope with him so that he may get a divorce and marry the girl; before the divorce comes the man is killed; naturally, that girl hates Adrienne as bitterly as she had adored her—yes, even after the girl has found another husband, for the author has an ironic touch here and there. Even the cynical man of the world, the narrator of the story, falls a victim to the fascination of Adrienne, to his own ultimate unhappiness, after she has at last seen the amazing self-adulation in her pose to the world. This novel is intellectually keen and a little hard in tone; as a piece of masterful character dissection it is a notable work.

ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK

Not every one will like Thomas Beer's "The Fair Rewards,"[3] but few will deny that it is clever. As with some bits of painting, it is amazing to see how by a touch of color here and there, a high light in just the right spot, he makes us see people and things just as he wants us to see them. One critic's just comment is that the story is "neither blatant nor vulgar, although it deals with people who are both." Certain phases of stage life—that of the producers, that of the designers of stage setting and decoration, and that of art lighting, perhaps more than the actual acting—form a background for the few characters. Realism of a queer and attractive kind is helped on by occasional appearances or references to well-known people of the stage—Charles Frohman, John Drew, Anna Held, Mrs. Gilbert, and a dozen others. The leading character, Mark Walling, was picked up on a Jersey farm and married by a tumultuous and dangerous blonde emotional actress. He makes a hit in a two-line part by his ingenuous simplicity—and simply ingenuous he remains through his career as manager and theater-owner. We suspect that the author half despises Mark because he is affectionate, emotional, and faithful to his bucolic relatives. His "rewards" are somewhat doubtful—the niece on whom he lavishes affection and advantages seems too intelligent to make quite as big a fool of herself as she did. Some of us will beg leave to like Mark whether his creator does or not; he may be sentimental, but his soul has at least some bigness, and for that he stands out in a rather tawdry group. Certainly Mr. Beer shows us things; he can write.

There is a joyous feeling of freshness and youthful energy about Mr. Hubbard's "Chanting Wheels"[4] that catches

[1] The Vehement Flame. By Margaret Deland. Harper & Brothers, New York City. $2.

[2] Adrienne Toner: The Story of an Anglo-American Marriage. By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

[3] The Fair Rewards. By Thomas Beer. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. $2.50.

[4] Chanting Wheels. By Hubbard Hutchinson. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.75.

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and holds attention. In a way it is a musical story; in a way it is a brotherhood of workers' story; just how the two are combined is distinctly original. Dante Rossetti Raleigh—musician, athlete, college graduate—cares little for social prestige or conventions. He goes to work as a brawny laborer in his uncle's mill, finds strange musical traditions and folk-song lore among the foreigners, stimulates them into musical activity, and evolves for them a noble song that embodies the meaning of the mill's "chanting wheels." So, when revolutionary agitators come, the men are not interested; they have a close-knit comradeship of their own.

Algernon Blackwood's theme in "The Bright Messenger"[5] is the supposed dual personality of a commonplace young fellow who suddenly presents evidence of being inspired by "a great cosmic intelligence." But a psychoanalyst thinks this is an intrusion of the young man's subliminal self—the reader may take his choice. No one equals Mr. Blackwood in delicate imaginative manipulation of the psychically mysterious or monstrous. On the whole, however, one feels that his peculiar genius (and it really is genius) is better suited to the short tale than the elaborated romance.

R. D. TOWNSEND.

[5] The Bright Messenger. By Algernon Blackwood. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

THOMAS BEER

THE NEW BOOKS

BIOGRAPHY

FALL OF MARY STUART (THE). By Frank A. Mumby. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $5.

We here gain a more vivid view of Mary Stuart than has been possible from any formal biography. We have an estimate from her own contemporaries—by Queen Elizabeth, by Catherine de Medicis, by Bothwell and Lethington. Of all these estimates, that of Elizabeth is the most acute; it clearly reveals the masculine instincts of the English Queen as opposed to Mary's fascinating but purely feminine qualities.

DANIEL H. BURNHAM: ARCHITECT, PLANNER OF CITIES. By Charles Moore. Illustrated. 2 vols. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $20.

In one sense these sumptuous volumes have to do even more with the future than with the past; for the future will doubtless show what the past has not shown—that in America certain principles of city-planning are now established. This is due to the late Daniel Burnham as much as to any one, perhaps more than to any one. Certainly he laid the foundations on which Cleveland, San Francisco, Chicago, and Manila are being reconstructed. Almost his latest labor in this direction was to prepare plans for the reconstruction of Baguio, in the Philippines. Without pay, Burnham visited the islands in order to plan for the beautification of Manila and for the laying out of a capital in the fine mountain climate of Baguio. This visit and other efforts towards the education of the public in city-planning justified Mr. Taft in saying that no man in the professional life of the United States had given more of his life to the public without having secured public office than had Daniel Burnham. The present volumes are a worthy memorial of this city-planner and architect. In architecture he was eminent indeed—as the thousands who daily use the Union Railway Station in Washington can witness. Director of Works at the Chicago World's Fair (1893), he formed friendships with men distinguished in the several arts—for instance, Charles F. McKim, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, Frank Millet, Theodore Thomas. With the first two he was associated eight years later in preparing the new plans for Washington.

FIRST MILLION THE HARDEST (THE). By A. B. Farquhar. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City. $3.50.

The life-work of a successful business man with a genius for friendship is described in this book with winning simplicity. The side-lights on the many prominent figures in American life whom the author has met in his long career are extremely interesting—particularly in the opening chapter, which tells how most of New York City's early business magnates were successfully "interviewed" by the author when a mere boy.

POETRY

OLE MARSTER, AND OTHER VERSES. By Benjamin B. Valentine. Whittet & Shepperson, Richmond, Va. $1.

Even a reader with a congenital dislike for dialect poetry could hardly fail to see that this volume contains a number of sound pieces of work, the result of an indubitable knowledge of Negro psychology and Negro methods of speaking and reacting to life. The Negro types who speak through the verses included in this book are in practically all cases "befo' de wah" colored folk. One must assume that Mr. Valentine is an old-time Virginian, so cleverly does he catch the whimsicalities and delightfully ingenuous turns of thought and speech of a type that is rapidly passing away. No mere rhymster could impregnate his lines with such authenticity as is to be found in "Keep Er-Grinnin'," for instance, a poem which begins:

When you heah "Ole Tribberlation"
come er tyarin' down de road,
An' you know he gwine ter kotch you
an' you got ter byar de load;
When you feel his bridle pullin', an'
de saddle on yo' back,
An' de whip is wavin' roun' you, an'
er hittin', ev'y crack—
Den remember 'bout de possum whar
wuz settin' on de lim',
Wid de gun er p'intin' at him, an' de
dorgs er treein' him;
How he holler ter de hunter an' he
holler ter de houn':
*"Ize er gwin' ter keep er grinnin', doh
I spec' you'll fotch me down."*

This book, together with several others, affords an excellent proof of the literary consciousness that is steadily growing below the Mason and Dixon Line.

SONGS OF THE COWBOYS. An Anthology. By N. Howard Thorp. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.50.

SONGS OF THE TRAIL. By Henry Herbert Knibbs. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.50.

Mr. Thorp's anthology really affords lovers of poetry a brief view of a type of American song that must, in a certain measure, be regarded as folk-song. Although it has been patched together from the literatures of several countries and from individual creation, it forms in bulk an indigenous product peculiar to our own West. The cowboys of the recent past, it may be gathered, were realists in the true sense of the word. They sang about the things that surrounded them, and with not too great flights of imagination. A free lilt and decided swing and a lusty practical humor appear to be the distinguishing marks. Mr. Knibbs's volume is much more restrained and refined than the anthology. He handles the same themes, but he translates them into a material that is on a higher poetical level. Strangely enough, this refinement sets off the virile sturdiness and sincerity of the genuine cowboy songs all the more.

YOUNGSTERS: COLLECTED POEMS OF CHILDHOOD. By Burges Johnson. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.50.

No matter how individual the verse may be, whenever a writer attempts to write children's poetry from the child's view-point he is bound to suffer comparison with Robert Louis Stevenson. The work of Tusitala stands as a model, and not even James Whitcomb Riley or Eugene Field, delightful as they often were, have supplanted that earlier favorite. And neither does Burges Johnson, although in the 250 pages of his "Youngsters" he presents many charming exhibits. His dexterity is apparent, and these bits of verse, gathered from previous volumes together with a number of new pieces, undoubtedly will please the child. But be sure the child has imbibed his Stevenson; there will be time for Mr. Johnson after.

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THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT

A "By the Way" note in a back number of The Outlook reads: "We no longer see on our maps '"The Great American Desert.'" That is true, for the name is not popular; but the desert is still there. In the interest of accuracy, a pertinent statement of the facts may be quoted from the prefatory pages, by O. E. Meinzer, in a "Water Supply Paper" (490–B) entitled "Routes to Desert Watering Places in the Mohave Desert Region, California," prepared by D. G. Thompson and published this year by the United States Geological Survey:

"The desert region of the United States forms a great triangle whose base, 800 miles long, is the Mexican border from the Peninsular Mountains in southern California to the mouth of the Pecos River in Texas, and whose apex is in north-central Oregon. . . . It covers about 500,000 square miles, or very nearly one-sixth of the area of the United States. This region is by no means devoid of natural resources or human activity. It contains prosperous cities, fertile agricultural districts, forest-clad mountains, a large aggregate number of watering-places, many rich mines, and an unknown wealth of mineral deposits. But the localities that have water supplies are widely separated oases in a vast expanse of silent, changeless, unproductive desert, whose most impressive feature is its great distances and whose chief evidences of human occupation are the long, long roads that lead from one watering-place to another. In the future existing oases will be enlarged, many new ones will be created, and the mineral and agricultural products of the region will be greatly increased. But in spite of all that man can do this large region will remain essentially a desert."

That is a true and courageous statement, and the frank use of the words, desert and oases, instead of dry country and settlements, is to be commended. The statement gives a true summary of "the Great American Desert," yet the desert is not so absolutely barren as certain parts of the Sahara or of the Desert of Gobi, in central Asia. The American Desert, which extends southward into Mexico, has over the greater part of its surface a varied vegetation, in which sage-brush, yuccas, creosote bush, and many kinds of cactus are common. Its mountains here and there contain valuable mineral deposits. According to Thompson, San Bernardino County, the desert southeastern corner of California, yielded over $50,000,000 in mineral products in the twenty-four years from 1894 to 1918; but after this yield is taken the desert is more barren than before. A rich deposit will attract a temporary colony of feverish activity, depending on outside sources for nearly all its supplies, and vanishing when the deposit is worked out; thus the famous mining town of Calico, "which in the late eighties is said to have had a population of more than 5,000," has had only three or four inhabitants in recent years.

It is the irrigable areas of the desert

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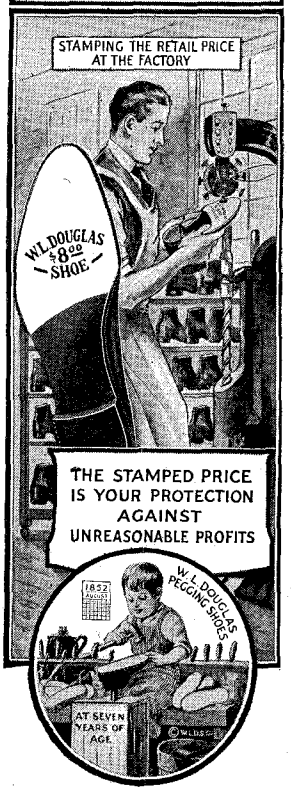
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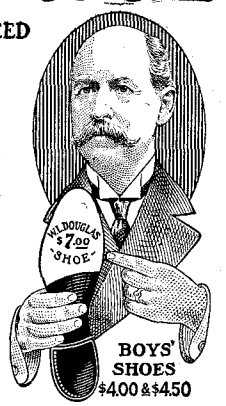

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THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT

(*Continued*)

that attract a permanent population and yield a steady product; but the total irrigable area is small. On this topic Thompson writes: "Inspired by the successful agricultural development of certain portions of the arid regions of North America by irrigation in recent years, some writers have painted colorful word pictures of these regions in the future when man has transformed them all into productive farms. Undoubtedly there are thousands of acres that can still be developed by irrigation. . . . Nevertheless it is true that the quantity of water available from all sources is not sufficient to irrigate more than a small part of the aggregate area of arid land."

Your note went on to say: "Nowadays automobile tourists drive safely where a generation or two ago pioneers toiling painfully through the sand often dropped exhausted by the way." This is also true in the sense that you meant, but it is dangerously misleading in implying that the desert is no longer dangerous. It is still so dangerous in its driest, hottest, and least explored part, namely, the Mohave Desert area, including Death Valley, and comprising 60,000 square miles in southeastern California, that the sum of $10,000 appropriated by Congress in 1916 for the marking and protection of desert watering-places, in the interest of public safety, was all expended in work on that single district, and even when the watering-places are marked the danger is not altogether removed. On the matter of desert travel Thompson says: "Since the advent of the automobile the use of horses has almost ceased. With this change travel in the desert has become less difficult and has therefore increased very much. . . . It must not be supposed, however, that travel in the desert with an automobile means travel without danger. In some respects the danger has increased. It is much easier to get a long distance from known watering-places with an automobile than with a team, and a breakdown at a remote point may be very serious. Since automobiles have come into use there is also much more travel by persons not familiar with the region. . . . With automobiles numerous difficulties may arise that were not encountered by those traveling with horses and wagons. . . . . No one should go in an automobile far from a town who is not sufficiently familiar with the mechanism of the machine to make necessary adjustment of the carburetor and spark plugs and other minor repairs or who cannot make repairs to tires. This seemingly needless statement is made because there are many persons who know only how to manipulate the throttle and brakes of their cars. The writer has come upon such persons stalled on main roads of the desert, and they would have been in a bad plight on less traveled roads."

The best antidotes for such dangers are: "Know thyself, know thy car, and know thy country." W. M. Davis.

Cambridge, Massachusetts.

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CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY

(C) Bachrach

EDWARD A. FILENE was born at Salem, Massachusetts. He is the eldest son of William Filene, who founded the ready-to-wear specialty store which bears his name, and president of the William Filene's Sons Company. In addition to his business interests Mr. Filene has taken an active part in the civic life of Boston. He has helped to organize the Boston Chamber of Commerce, the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, and the International Chamber, of which latter he is a director.

DR. R. TAIT MCKENZIE is an authority on anatomy and physical training. In 1904 he became Director of the Department of Physical Education at the University of Pennsylvania after several years spent as house physician, demonstrator, and lecturer. His pamphlets and articles on physical exercises, medical gymnastics, and anatomy have been of great value to physicians and surgeons. Dr. McKenzie is a powerful witness on the side of Mr. C. K. Taylor in the height-weight controversy which has been agitating our readers. Mr. Taylor will contribute another article next week on "The Girl and Her Muscle."

HUBERT V. CORYELL is a Harvard graduate and head of the Junior Department of the Browne and Nichols School of Cambridge, Masschusetts. He was formerly head of the Shady Hill Country Day School.

W. B. MAXWELL has been ranked by English critics as the best living English novelist with the exception of Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. Galsworthy. Perhaps his best-known book is that called "Mrs. Thompson."

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LET me care for your children during summer. Excellent references. 396 South Lyon, Mich.

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BY THE WAY

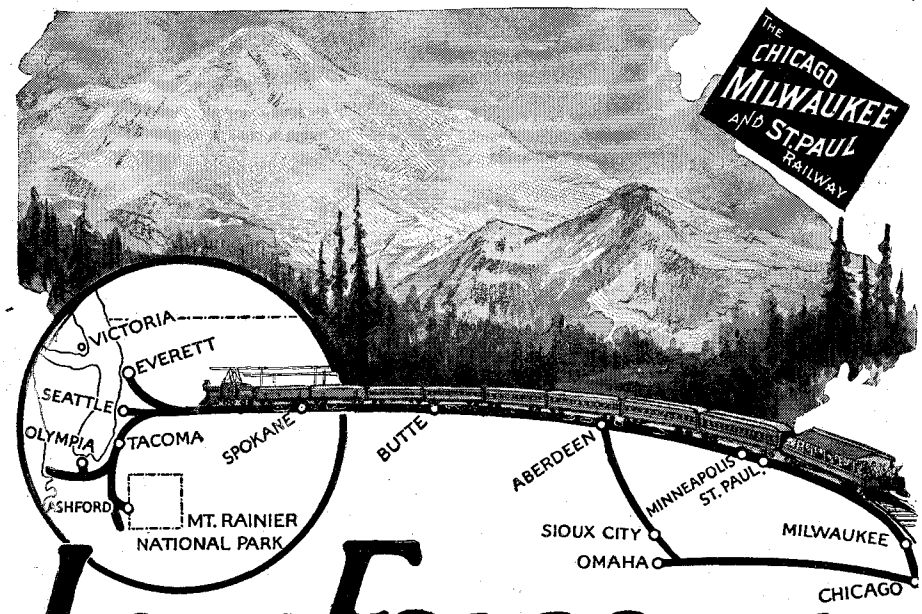
THE word "chapel" is used by printers to denote the body of journeymen employed in a composing-room. This special use of the word is apparently unknown in some other trades. Recently a contribution from The Outlook's composing-room was sent by the chairman of its chapel to workers in another line who needed assistance. The contribution was gratefully acknowledged in a letter addressed thus: "The Rev. George Wright, The Outlook Chapel, New York City."

A Baptist minister who practiced immersion was asked, according to "Judge," to tell what was his most awkward experience. He said: "One Sunday afternoon I was to have an immersion in the river on the outskirts of town. A great crowd had assembled There were two candidates for baptism. One was an extraordinarily tall woman, coming almost up to my own six-feet-three in height. The other was a little runt of a man hardly five feet tall. When it came time for the ceremony I took the towering lady by the arm, intending to immerse her first, and told the little man to follow us. The lady and I had gone into the water until it was about up to our waists, when I heard very improper tittering among the spectators. Looking back to discover the cause of this untimely levity, I beheld the little candidate for baptism coming along—swimming!"

"When, years ago," says Dr. G. Stanley Hall in the "Atlantic," "I first heard the picturesque word 'Flapper' applied to a girl, I thought of a loose sail flapping in whatever wind may blow, and liable to upset the craft it is meant to impel. There was also in my mind the flitting and yet cruder mental imagery of a wash, just hung out to dry in the light and breeze, before it is starched and ironed for use. I was a little ashamed of this when the dictionary set me right by defining the word as a fledgling, yet in the nest, and vainly attempting to fly while its wings have only pinfeathers; and I recognized that thus the genius of 'slanguage' had made the squab the symbol of budding girlhood."

Specialization in the shoe trade is indicated by this sign over the front of a New York City store: "Shoes for Boys, Youths, and Little Gents."

Few people realize the vast extent of the Dutch empire in the East. The Netherlands, the home country, is only about 13,000 square miles in area, and trains go from its eastern to its western boundary in a few hours. But the journey by sea from Sabang, north of Sumatra, to Merauke in New Guinea—the extreme limits of Holland's island empire—covers about 3,000 nautical miles, or more than the distance from the United States to England. The total area is about 735,000 square miles. One of the islands, Java, about as large as New York State, contains a population



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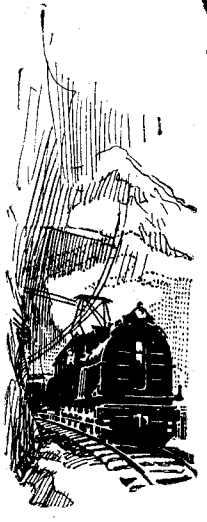

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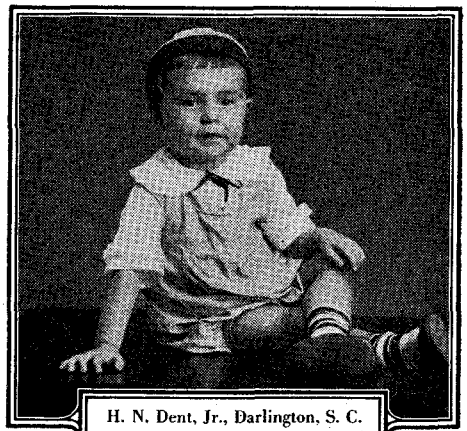

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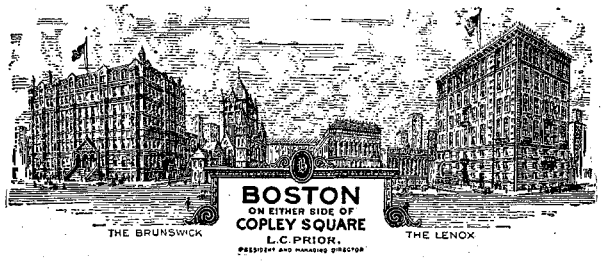

Two Boston hotels that have contributed greatly to the traditional distinction of the Back Bay.

The LENOX Boylston St. at Exeter

The BRUNSWICK Boylston St. at Clarendon

BY THE WAY—(*Continued*)

of 34,000,000—three or four times great as that of our Empire State.

Here is a clever indictment of o lingual inconsistencies, headed in contemporary's column as "The San Old Slam on Our Language:"

When the English tongue we speak
Why is break not rhymed with freak?
Will you tell me why it's true
We say sew but likewise few,
And the maker of a verse
Cannot cap his horse with worse?
Beard sounds not the same as heard;
Cord is different from word;
Cow is cow, but low is low;
Shoe is never rhymed with foe.
Think of hose and dose and lose,
And of goose and yet of choose.
Think of comb and tomb and bomb;
Doll and roll and home and some.
And since pay is rhymed with say,
Why not paid with said, I pray?
We have blood and food and good,
Mould is not pronounced like could.
Wherefore done and gone and lone?
Is there any reason known?
And, in short, it seems to me
Sound and letters disagree.

An incident that Sir Ernest Shackl ton always repeated with glee was t reply one of the Irish members made him when Shackleton asked: "Can y imagine the enormous extent of thos vast Arctic snow fields?" "Yes," repli the Irish member, "I had the same si sation the first toime I appeared in pu lic wearing a dress shirt."

"Some of the neighbors are making a howl about the items we are sending in," says a contributor of local news items to the Columbus (Montana) "News." "So I believe that as soon a my supply of stationery runs out, I wi quit writing. Let some one else take th job if they think they can do so muc better. I am getting tired of beif bawled out every week, and would lik to sit back and criticise some one el writing for a while."

To this the Editor, not wishing to lo an able writer, brackets a comforti and finely independent reply:

"Stay with 'em, kid! Don't let th jabbering of a few kickers unveil th cayuse in your disposition. If an edito or writer takes the scare that easy, w would have swapped our pen for [Fatima ten years ago, and each an every issue since then. If our patron don't like what you and I write, le them stop taking the darned News, and then they will surely have no kick com ing."

From "Punch:" Boy at car window (to father, seeing him off to school)— "If you like, daddy, I'll introduce you to Binks's father. He's the sort of man it might be rather useful for you to know."

From "Judge:"

Between an optimist and a pessimist
The difference is not so strange;
The optimist smiles at the cashier girl,
The pessimist counts the change.

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